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this number.



"NO INTENTIONS."

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Author of "Love's Conflict," "Veronique," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

Confused voices, some earnest and some quivering, but all low, except one, whose inquiries culminate in a little shriek which makes Irene's blood turn cold to hear. She has advanced to the drawing-room door, and stands there, grasping the handle and shuddering with fear: half guessing at the coming shadow, but too frightened to go out and meet it, face to face. What are those feet which seem unable to tread otherwise than heavily, yet are accompanied by others stepping upon tip-toe, whose owners keep on whispering caution as they go?

Why is the hall of Fen Court full of strange sounds and presences? what is it they have brought home so helplessly amongst them?

She knows: the instinct of affection has told her the truth, but she is not yet able to receive it, and stands there listening, with the life-blood frozen in her veins, waiting till the visitation of God shall descend upon her head.

There is no such agony in this world as suspense. When we know for certain that death or treachery, or separation has come between us and those whom we hold dearest, the pain may be acute, but still the worst is before us: we can measure it and our own strength, and every day we find the difference between the two grow less, until, with a thankful heart, we can acknowledge that, even though it embitter the remainder of our career, it is not unbearable.

But to be kept in suspense: to be left behind the black veil that reserve, or cruelty, or want of thought may raise between us and our fellow-creatures: to fluctuate between hope and doubt and despair until our outraged affection sickens and dies of repeated disappointments; this is the most terrible trial the human heart is capable of enduring, compared to which physical torture in its worst shape would appear trifling. And yet at times we inflict it on each other. But I think Heaven will hold the murderer, who strikes down his victim in a fit of rage, as innocent beside the man or woman who, having gained supremacy over another heart, kills it by inches with slow, drawn out suspense. The nature of the poisoner, who deals out death by infinitesimal grains of powder, is angelic by comparison.

Irene's deepest feelings are: of here concerned, but she is torturing herself cruelly by standing at the drawing-room door. She is in the condition of the criminal condemned by martial law, who, his last moment having arrived, awaits with bandaged eyes and almost pulseless heart the volley that is to put him out of his misery. At last she is roused by the sound of Isabella sniffing behind her handkerchiefs.

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Mordaunt. I really feel

quite frightened; do you think it is possible anything can have happened? I don't want to alarm you, of course, but still—and Philip not having come home, you see—"

She can stand it no longer then, but with an effort dashes open the door and walks out blindly into the passage. The way is barreled by Phoebe, who has evidently been set to keep guard, and whose eyes, red with crying, and wild with fear, are wandering incessantly from the hall to the drawing-room, and the drawing-room to the hall.

"Oh! my dear lady," she exclaims, as soon as she catches sight of her mistress. "Pray go back again; they don't want you there just now."

"Where? What do you mean? Tell me at once," says Irene in a tone of authority.

"Oh, it's nothing, my dear lady; indeed it's nothing; but they're busy, and they say you must keep in the drawing-room. And, oh! what am I to do?" continues the girl despairingly, as her mistress advances on her without the slightest hesitation.

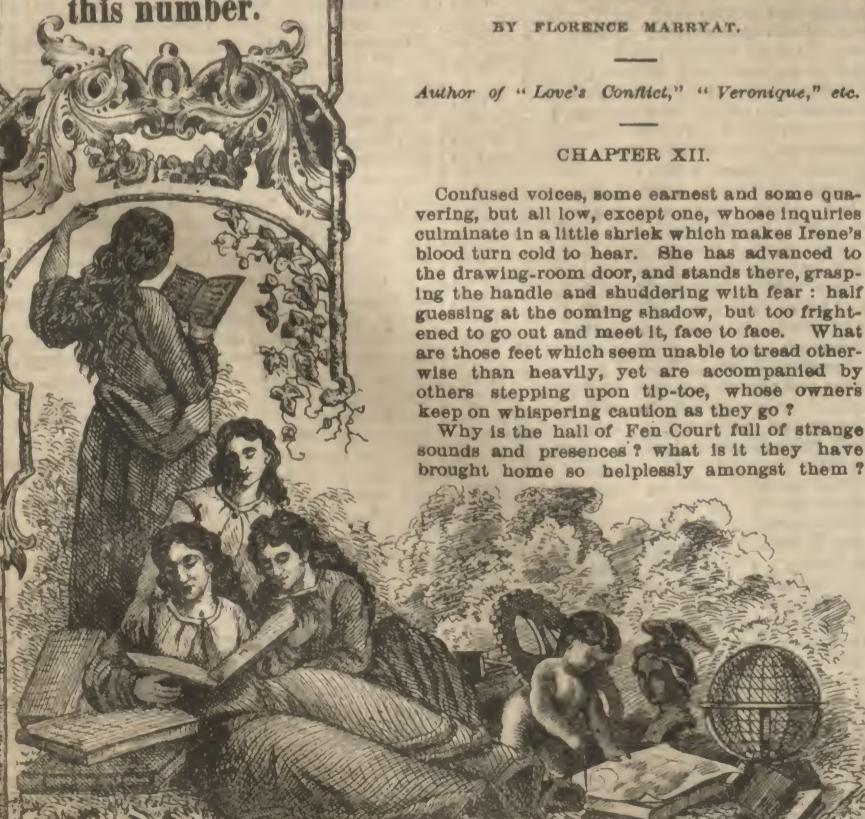
"It is the Colonel! I know it. It's no use your denying it; where have they taken him?"

"Oh! I'm not sure, ma'am—into the morning room, I think; but do stop and see Mrs. Quekett first."

"Mrs. Quekett!" in a voice of the supremest contempt. "Let me pass, Phoebe; do not attempt to stop me. I should have been told of this at once."

She hurried on—half fainting with fear, but so majestically grand in her right to know the worst, that the servants that line the hall make no effort to bar her progress, but draw back, awe-struck, and look after her with their aprons to their eyes.

The morning room seems full of people, and the first who make way for her upon the threshold are the whipper-in and her own coachman. About the table are gathered Sir John Coote and several gentlemen in hunting costume, with



Mrs. Quekett and a couple of medical men whom Irene has never seen before. They are all bending forward, but as the crowd divides to let her pass they turn and start.

"Not here—not here—my dear lady" exclaims one of the strangers, as he attempts to intercept her view. "Now, let me entreat you—"

But she pushes past him, and walks up to the table.

There lies her husband, dressed as when she parted with him on that morning, but dead—unmistakably dead!

She guessed it from the first—she knew what was awaiting her when she left the drawing-room: she had no hope when she entered this room; yet now that all suspense is over, that she cannot fail to see her suspicions were correct something will flicker up again before it is laid to rest for ever, and cause her trembling lips to form the words.

"Are—are you quite sure?"

"Quite sure, my dear Mrs. Mordaunt, I regret to say. But, indeed, you ought not to be here. Let me conduct you back to your own room."

She shakes him off impatiently (it is Sir John Coote who has been speaking to her), and turns again to the doctor.

"How did it happen?"

"I am told—I believe—" he stammers, "Sir John was good enough to inform me it was on the occasion of the Colonel taking the brook down at Chapell's meadows—but all those sad details, my dear madam, would be better kept from you until—"

"Take him up to my room," she says next, in a tone which sounds more like weariness than anything else.

"Carry the—I think we had best leave it where it is, Mrs. Mordaunt," remonstrates Sir John.

"My servants are here. I do not wish to trouble any one else," she answers quietly.

"But, of course, if you wish it—"

"I do wish it. I wish him to be carried upstairs and laid upon our—our—bed," she says, with a slight catching in her voice.

Then half a dozen pairs of arms are placed tenderly beneath the dead body, and it is taken upstairs and laid where she desired it to be.

When the task is completed, the bearers stand about the bed, not knowing what to do or to say next.

"Please leave me," says Irene, after a pause. "I must be alone."

"But is there nothing I can do for you, my dear child?" asks Sir John Coote, losing sight for a moment of deference in pity.

"Yes; please come back to-morrow and tell me all about it. And perhaps this gentleman," indicating one of the doctor, "will stay here to-night, in case—in case—"

"My dear lady, there is no hope here."

"I know—I know. It is because there is no hope that I must be alone. Good-night."

She waves them to the door as she speaks, and they file out one after another, and leave her with her dead.

All this time Mrs. Quekett has not ventured to speak to her mistress, or intrude herself upon her notice in any way. She is awed by the sudden calamity that has fallen on them, and perhaps—who knows?—a trifle conscience-smitten for the mischief which she brought about, and will never now have the opportunity of repairing. Ah! could we but foresee events as they will happen, how far more carefully should we pick our way along the rocky path of life. I am not one who considers the curtain drawn between us and futurity as a special proof of providential care. I would count it rather as one of the losses brought upon us by the fall of Adam, which rendered most of the faculties with which the Almighty gifted his first creatures too gross and carnal to exert their original prerogatives. There was a second Adam, of whom the first was a prefiguration, who brought a perfect body into the world, the capabilities of which we have no reason to believe we should not also have enjoyed had ours, like His, remained as sinless as they were created. Many people, from cheer cowardice, shrink from hearing what is in store for them, and excuse themselves upon the plea that they have no right to know what the Creator has mercifully hid. They might just as well argue they had no right to use of microscope to aid their sin-bound eyes to discover that which the first man would probably have seen without any artificial help. But our deeds for the most part will not bear the light, and therein lies our dread of an unknown future. We fear to trace the advance of the Nemesis we feel the Past deserves.

Mrs. Quekett does not address Irene—their eyes even do not meet in the presence of the dead man whose life has been so much mixed up with both of theirs, and yet the housekeeper intuitively feels that her mistress knows or guesses the part she has taken in her late misery, and is too politic to invite notice which in the first bitterness of Irene's trouble might be most unpleasantly accorded. Besides, Mrs. Quekett believes that the game is in her own hands, and that she can afford to wait. So Irene remains un molested by the housekeeper's sympathy or advice, and a loud burst of hysterics as soon as Isabella is put in possession of the truth is the only disturbance that reaches her privacy during the hour that she remains by herself, trying to realise the fact that she is once more left alone. As the friends who bore his body up the stairs walk gently down again, as though the sound of their footsteps could arouse the unconscious figure they have left behind them, she turns the key in the door, and advancing to the bedside, falls upon her knees and takes the cold hand in her own.

"Philip!" she whispers softly, "Philip!"

But the dead face remains as it was laid, still and quiescent on the pillow, and the dead eyelids neither quiver nor unfold themselves. They are alone now, husband and wife, who have been so close and so familiar, and yet he does not answer her. The utter absence of response or recognition, although she knows that he is dead, seems to make her realise for the first time that he is gone.

"Philip," she repeats, half fearfully, "it is I—it is Irene."

"Oh, my God!" she cries suddenly, to herself; "how full of life and hope he was this morning!"

That recollection—the vision of her husband as she saw him last, his beaming face, his cheerful voice, his promise to be back with her by seven, all crowd upon her heart and make it natural a gain.

She begins to weep.

First it is only a tear, which she drives back with the worn-out platitude that he is happy, and so she must not grieve: then her lip quivers and she holds it fast between her teeth and tries to think of Paradise, and that it is she alone who will have to suffer: but here steps in the remembrance of how he used to sympathise in all her troubles, and pity for herself brings down the tears like rain.

"Oh, my poor love! I shall never hear you speak again. I shall never see your eyes light up when I appear. It is all over. It is all gone for ever; and we had so much to make up to one another."

At this she cries for everything—for her husband—for herself—for their separation and her future; and in half an hour rises from her knees, wearied with weeping, but with a breast already easier from indulgence.

But she does not hang about the corpse again. Irene's notions with respect to the change which we call Death preclude her clinging with anything like superstition to the cast-off clothing of a liberated spirit. She knows it is not her husband that is there, nor ever has been; and she will cry as much to-morrow at the sight of the last suit he wore as she has done over his remains, and for the same reason, because it reminds her of what was, and still is, though not for her. All her sorrow lies in the fact that the communication which she loved is for awhile concluded.

When her grief is somewhat abated, she rings the bell for Phoebe. The girl answers it timidly, and on being bidden to enter, stands shivering just within the threshold of the room, with eyes well averted from the bed.

"Phoebe!" says her mistress wearily, "I want you to tell me—to advise me—what ought I to do about this?"

"Oh, bless you, ma'am, I don't even like to think. Hadn't we better send for Mrs. Quekett?"

"Certainly not, Phoebe! Don't mention Mrs. Quekett's name to me again. This is not her business, and I have no intention of permitting her to enter the room."

"She seems to expect as she's to have the ordering of everything," says Phoebe, as she blinks away a tear.

"She is mistaken, then," replies Irene. The allusion to Mrs. Quekett has strengthened her. She has no inclination to cry now. Her eyes sparkle, and her breast heaves.

"Is that gentleman—the doctor—here still?" she inquires.

"Yes, ma'am, Mr. Fellows, his name is. We've put him in the Blue Room."

"Ask him to come here."

The young man, a surgeon from a neighboring village, soon makes his appearance, and to his hands Irene confides the charge of everything connected with the last offices to be performed for her husband, which Mr. Fellows, being much impressed with her beauty and her grief, undertakes without any hesitation, and promises to act for her until the arrival of Oliver Ralston shall set him at liberty again. Upon which she rises and bows to him, and, without another glance towards that which bears so small resemblance to the gallant, fine old man who promised but last night to grow young again for her sake, leaves the room and creeps away to the side of Tommy's cot, and remains there till the morning rocking herself backwards and forwards, and wondering why God should have especially selected herself to suffer such repeated separations.

"First my dear father, and then mother, and now Philip! They all weary of me—they will not wait until I can accompany them. They are too anxious to get free—they forget I shall be left alone. Oh, Tommy, my darling, stay with me! Don't you go too. And yet Heaven only knows how long I shall be permitted to keep you, either."

She makes herself miserable with such thoughts until the day breaks. How strange to see it dawn, and remember with a start that for him time is no more! She rises chilled and stiff from her position with the daylight, and performs the duties of dressing mechanically; yet she will not quit the nursery, but sits there hour after hour with her hands crossed upon her lap, listening to Tommy's broken phraseology, or issuing necessary orders in a languid, careless voice from which all hope seems to have evaporated. In the course of the afternoon Sir John Coote asks to see her, and she hears for certain what rumor from the servants' hall has already acquainted her with.

"Always a determined fellow with dogs and horses, poor dear Mordaunt," says her visitor, in the course of explanation. "I have heard that his intimate friends might twist him round their little fingers, but that's neither here nor

there; he would never let an animal get the better of him. Well, that d—d brute of his—excuse my vehemence, Mrs. Mordaunt, but I can't speak of it with anything like calmness—was in a temper from the first of the morning. Mordaunt had a deuce of a trouble to keep him straight at all, and, after two or three hard fights between them, the animal's blood was fairly up, and he began to show vice. It happened at the wide jump by Chapell's farm in Stotway. The brook's very much swollen, and we mostly went round. "I'll take it out of my brute," says poor Mordaunt, and put him at it like blazes.

The animal refused the water twice, then took it with a rush—fell short of the opposite bank, rolled over, and there was an end of it. And I wish to God, my dear child, I had to tell the story to any one but you."

"Did he speak? Who saw him first?" she asks, with white, trembling lips.

"Not a word; it must have been the work of a second—dislocation of a spinal vertebrae, you know. I was next behind him, and off my horse in a moment, but it was no use. I saw that directly. We shall never have such a Master of the Hounds again, Mrs. Mordaunt. It's the saddest thing that's ever happened to me since I rode to my first meet."

"Thank you for telling me. I would rather know all. And you are sure he did not suffer?"

"Quite sure. You should ask Fellows, he belongs to Stotway, and was on the spot in five minutes; but it might as well have been an hour for all the good he could do. And then we carried him to a farmhouse close by, and I sent on Colville to break the news to you; but the fool couldn't go through with it, and slunk home halfway, leaving us quite in the dark as to his proceedings; else you may be sure we would never have startled you in the manner we did by bringing the poor fellow straight home without any previous warning."

"Never mind; it was just as well, perhaps; nothing could have softened it," she says quietly.

"You bear it like a—like a—like a Trojan," exclaims Sir John, unable to find any term more suited to the occasion by which to express his admiration.

"I am obliged to bear it," replies Irene; "but it was very sudden, and I don't think I can talk any more about it to-day, please," upon which her visitor takes the hint, and leaves her to herself.

The next day brings Oliver Ralston, full of concern and interest for Irene, as usual, and also not a little grieved at the loss they have mutually sustained.

"He was always so good to me," he says, as soon as the first ice is broken, and Irene has in part confided to him the last interview she had with her husband, "particularly when that old brute Quekett was out of the way."

"Oliver, promise me that I shall never see that woman to speak again. I feel as though it would be impossible to me—as though I could not trust myself to hear her whining over my husband's death, or offering me her hypocritical condolences, without saying exactly what I think and know of her."

"My dear Irene, why ask me? Surely it will be in your own power to decide what is to become of the whole establishment, and Mother Quekett into the bargain."

"I don't know that, Oliver," she says, with a slight shiver. "I know nothing for certain; but I suppose it will be in my power to settle where I shall live, and I feel that that woman and myself can never continue under the same roof."

"Where should you live but here? You would not abandon the poor old Court? But perhaps you would find it lonely all by yourself."

"Don't let us talk of it until we hear what arrangements Philip may have made for me, Oliver. I shall be content to abide by his decision. But he told me, the night before he died, that he had lately altered his will."

"Not in old Quekett's favor, I trust. Irene, do you think we shall find out the truth about that woman now? Will the secret concerning her (for I'm sure there is one) be brought to light with my uncle's will?"

"I have never seen it, Oliver; you must not ask me. For my own part, the only feeling I have upon the subject is, that I may be rid of the sight of her. She has done her best to poison the happiness of my married life, and turn my dear, noble husband's heart against me; and, if I live to be a hundred, I could never forgive her for it. It was sheer malice, and God knows what I have done to provoke it!"

"You came between her and her hope of inheriting my uncle's money; that is all the explanation I can offer you, Irene. It makes me very uneasy to hear you say the will has been altered. What should Uncle Philip have altered it for?"

"Because, after what he heard, he naturally believed me to be unworthy of having the charge of so much property."

"But without ascertaining if his suspicions were correct? I cannot believe it of him, Irene, if he has permitted this old woman to inveigle you out of your legal rights under false pretences, I shall begin to hate his memory."

He is startled by her burst of distress.

"Hate his memory! Oh, Oliver! for shame. How dare you say so before me? My poor, kind Philip—my dear, generous husband, who would have laid down his life for my sake; if he was misled in this matter, it was through his great love for me; and I was wrong in not seeking an explanation with him sooner. If—if—things do not turn out exactly as the world may have expected of him, I, for one, will not hear the slightest imputation of blame cast on his me-

mory. My darling Philip (weeping), would God had spared him one short month more to me, that I might have tried, in some measure, to atone for the suffering his suspicions caused him!"

"Irene, you are an angel," says Oliver, impulsively; "but I can't say I see this thing in the same light as you do. However, speculation is useless. We shall know everything soon. Meanwhile, I suppose it wouldn't be considered decent to kick old Quekett out of doors before the funeral has taken place."

"You must do nothing, but be good and quiet and save me all the trouble you can, Oliver, for the next few days; and after that, when it is all over, we will consult together as to the best course to pursue."

He sees her every day after this, but not for long at a time; for, strange and unnatural as it may appear to the romantic reader that any woman who loves a man as completely as Irene loves Mulraven should feel almost inclined to despair at the death of a prosy old husband like Colonel Mordaunt, the young widow is, for a time, really overwhelmed with grief. Most of us know, either from experience or observation, what it is to wake up after many days and nights of fever, to the joys of convalescence—to feel that the burning pain, the restlessness, the unquiet dreams, the utter inability to take any interest in life, have passed away and that instead, we can sleep and taste and understand, breathe God's fresh air, drink in His sunshine, and recognise our friends. How grateful—how good we feel! With what a consciousness of relief we remember the past horrors; and should we relapse and dream of them again, how thankfully we wake to find our hand clasped by some kind, sympathetic nurse, who moistens our parched lips, and smooths our tumbled pillow, and bids us have no fear, since we are watched and tended even when unconscious.

Love for Mulraven was to Irene a fever of the brain. It was so deep and burning that the disappointment of its loss pervaded her whole being and almost worked its own cure by robbing her of interest in everything that had preceded it. When she commenced life anew with Colonel Mordaunt, she was in the convalescent stage. She was too weak as yet to care to take any trouble for her own benefit or pleasure; but he took it for her. It was from his hand she first became aware that she could still derive enjoyment from the blessings which Heaven provides equally for its children; his protection and tenderness sheltered all her married life; and if her love is Mulraven's, her gratitude is alone due to her husband. The first feeling makes her shudder even to look back upon—so fraught is it with pain, and heartburning, and misery; but the second (save for the last sad episode, which Irene attributes more to her own fault than his) provokes no thoughts but such as are associated with peace. Because we have been racked with anguish and delirious with pain, are we to turn against the kind hand that is stretched forth to tend and succor us?

There is no greater mistake in the world than to suppose that a man or woman can only love once, though, luckily, the foolish supposition is chiefly confined to establishments for young ladies, and three-legged stools. We may never love again so ardently as we did at first (though that possibility is an open question); but we may love, and love worthily, half a dozen times, if Heaven is good enough to give us the opportunity; and there are some natures that must love, and will go on loving to the end of the chapter. They resemble those plants that only require the topmost shoots to be taken off to make them sprout again at the bottom. And Irene has never resisted the promptings of youth and nature to make the most of the happiness the world afforded her. She has not, like some people, sat down in the dark with her lacerated love in her lap, and dared her grief to die by tearing open its wounds as quickly as they closed. On the contrary, her first wild burst of sorrow over, she placed it far behind her, and went out gladly to meet returning sunshine, and thanked God that she retained the power to appreciate it. If she has not enjoyed any vehement transports of delight, therefore, during her communion with Philip Mordaunt, she has acknowledged that his affection mitigated her regret; her heart has expanded beneath the influence of his devotion; she has known peace and quiet, and contentment; and she misses it all terribly now that it is gone. She feels that she is once more thrown on the world as she was by her mother's death—unloved, unguarded, and alone—and her sorrow is as genuine and honest as was her affection.

Colonel Mordaunt was lucky enough not to possess many relations, but two or three needy cousins, hitherto unheard of, crop up during the next few days, in hopes of finding their names mentioned in the will, and the lawyer, all bustle and importance, with the precious document stowed away in his deed box, comes down the day before the funeral and disgusts Oliver Ralston with his loquacity and pertinacions attempts at confidence.

"You know nothing of this, sir," he says, slapping the roll of parchment which he carries in his hand. "You were not in your late uncle's—yes—yes—of course, uncle's—secrets? Well, then, I flatter myself, sir, I have a surprise for you. If I'm not mistaken, Mr. Ralston, I have a little surprise here for every one connected with my late client."

"If you have, I have no desire to anticipate it, Mr. Selwyn. I don't like surprises at any time, and I consider them particularly out of place at a period like this."

"Ah—good, generous—of course—an admirable sentiment, sir; but these things are not in

our hands. Had you any reason to suppose, now, that your late lamented er—er—uncle designed to alter his testamentary bequests in favor of—”

“Mr. Selwyn,” exclaims the young man abruptly, “I have already told you that I can wait till to-morrow to learn my uncle’s last wishes, and I consider your attempt to provoke my curiosity a most irregular proceeding. You were of necessity in Colonel Mordaunt’s confidence, be good enough to respect it until the proper moment arrives for its disclosure.”

“Oh! very good—very good! just as it should be, of course,” replies the ruffled lawyer, “only public surprises are apt to be attended with inconvenience, and I thought, perhaps, that a little preparation—”

But here Mr. Selwyn indignantly breaks off leaving Oliver in a most uncomfortable state of mind, and dreading above all things the moment when the will shall be read and these mysterious inuendoes brought to light.

He is very anxious that Irene shall not be present at the reading, but she is resolute to appear in her proper place, as the mistress of Fen Court.

“If I consulted my own inclinations, Oliver, I should remain up-stairs; but that woman will be present, and I am determined she shall see that I can bear the fate which she has brought upon me without wincing. It would be such a triumph to her to think that the mere anticipation had made me too ill to appear.”

“Why will you talk in this way, Irene? Why prognosticate misfortune which I cannot believe in?”

“Walt and see, Oliver,” is all she answers.

It is a bright, cold day when they carry Colonel Mordaunt to his grave in the quiet churchyard of Priestley. Irene is anxious to attend the funeral, but her wish is overruled by Oliver, who foresees that if she does so, his aunt Isabella, and probably Mrs. Quekett, will follow her example, and make a scene during the ceremony. He could trust Irene, but he cannot trust the others; and, like most young men, he has a righteous horror of a scene. So he persuades the young widow to remain at home, and is himself chief mourner. It is not a grand funeral, but it is a very imposing one, followed by almost all the members of the hunt, with Sir John Coote at their head; and it gratifies Irene to see how much her husband was held in consideration by those who knew him most intimately. At last it is over. Oliver is back again; the visitors, with the exception of Sir John, have dispersed, and the family are left to themselves.

Three o’clock has been fixed for the reading of the will, and, as the hour strikes, Irene, dressed in her deep mourning, with Tommy clinging to her hand, comes downstairs for the first time since her bereavement, and, walking into the dining-room on Oliver Ralston’s arm, takes the chair which he wheels forward for her, and seats herself in the centre of the circle. She bows to the company generally as she enters, but she looks at no one but the lawyer, though she is conscious, without seeing it, that Mrs. Quekett is sitting nearly opposite to her, with her elbow resting easily upon the table and a satisfied, malignant smile of coming triumph fixed upon her countenance. Mr. Selwyn hums and ha’s as he unfolds the parchment.

Why do lawyers always “hum” and “ha” before they read a will? Are they nervous by nature (they ought not to be), or is the peculiarity alluded to supposed to add dignity to their position, or importance to their charge? It is a fact they always do so.

Mr. Selwyn, being no exception to the rule, clears his throat until he makes himself quite hoarse, and is obliged to ask for a glass of water. Then he gives two or three final coughs as a wind-up, and proceeds to make the following statement:

“Life is very uncertain,” commences Mr. Selwyn, as he smooths out the creases in the parchment, “in fact, there is nothing certain in life. We are used to great changes in our profession, and great surprises—very great surprises!—indeed, we are never surprised at anything we may hear or see—”

“Has this anything to do with the will?” says Irene, with an imploring glance at Oliver, who immediately addresses the lawyer:

“We are exceedingly obliged for your sentiments, Mr. Selwyn, but Mrs. Mordaunt would prefer your proceeding to business. You must remember this is the first time she has ventured downstairs.”

“Ah! of course; I have to beg your pardon, madam—and yet, under the circumstances, perhaps—Well, well, then” (with a more cheerful air)—“to business. Not but what my remarks were made with a view in that direction. I have a document here, the contents of which I think are unknown to most present. It will in fact, I fear” (with a glance at Irene over his spectacles) “prove to be one of those surprises to which I alluded on first taking my place among you—”

“It will not prove, perhaps, so great a surprise as you anticipate,” says Irene in a clear cold voice that makes Mrs. Quekett start. “At any rate, we are assembled to hear it.”

“As you will, madam—as you will,” returns Mr. Selwyn, somewhat nettled. “I only wished to spare you an unpleasant shock.”

“A shock for Mrs. Mordaunt! What can he mean?” exclaims Sir John Coote quickly.

The housekeeper smiles furtively, and smooths the crepe upon her dress-sleeve.

“Sir John, I must entreat you to be quiet and let Mr. Selwyn proceed,” says Irene.

“Whatever may be in store for me, be assured that I am quite able to bear it.”

Sir John exchanges glances of astonishment with Oliver.

“You are to go on,” says the latter roughly to the lawyer. On which the reading of the will is commenced and finished without further interruption.

It is very brief and very explicit. It commences with a bequest of five thousand pounds to his sister Isabella Mordaunt, and goes on to leave all the remainder of his property, funded and personal—his house and lands, and plate and furniture—to his illegitimate son Oliver, generally known as Oliver Ralston, on condition of his taking the name of Mordaunt. Of Irene, from beginning to end, not a syllable is mentioned.

How do they receive it?

As the words, one after another, drop markedly from the lawyer’s lips, the housekeeper may be observed to turn uneasily upon her seat—she is evidently disappointed; the cousins look miserable; Sir John Coote grows crimson in the face, and half rises from his chair. To Irene’s pale cheeks there mounts a flush of pride, and she draws her adopted child, almost defiantly, closer to her side; and Isabella, as her name is mentioned, weeps loud and openly. But Oliver Ralston demands a paragraph to himself.

As the truth breaks in upon his mind, that Irene has been defrauded of her rights, his teeth set and his hand clenches itself furiously upon the arm of his chair. But at the fatal termination of the will reveals who he is, and the reason why he inherits to her detriment, he looks up quickly, the blood forsakes his face, and he rises tremblingly to his feet.

“It’s a lie!” he says, striking his hand upon the table.

“Oliver—Oliver, for God’s sake, forbear! Think what you are saying!” cries Irene as she catches hold of his arm.

“Let me go, Irene! I repeat it,” he says furiously, “I am not his son. It’s some infernal lie hatched up by that old harridan for my destruction. Yes,” he continues, addressing Mrs. Quekett, who has risen, as though to answer him, “I don’t care what you say, nor what you think. You have made the misery of this house for years past. You have held the secrets of my uncle and my uncle’s father over their heads until they hardly dared to act without your assistance. But your reign is over. Your victim is in his grave; and you shall not continue your work of infamy in my behalf.”

“But, my dear sir, what has this good lady to do with my late client’s bequests?” interupts the lawyer soothingly.

“Command yourself, Ralston,” urges Sir John.

“Command myself! Stand quietly by to see this poor girl robbed of her rights, and my own life branded with a stigma, for which no wealth can atone! I am not his son. I tell you I am his nephew, the child of his sister Mary—”

“His sister’s child died before she did, young man. You are the child of my daughter, Mary Quekett; and if the shame of hearing it kills you, it’s no more than it did to my poor girl.”

It is the housekeeper that speaks to him.

“I won’t believe it,” he mutters, as he staggers backwards. But he does believe it, for all his bravado.

“You can do as you please about that,” continues Mrs. Quekett; “but I can take my Bible oath that it’s the truth. And for what should the Colonel go to leave you all his property, if it wasn’t? He was mistaken enough in those that he thought worthy, and thought he might have found better than yourself, may be, to step into his shoes—”

“Silence, woman!” exclaims Oliver, in a voice of thunder. “If this most iniquitous will is allowed to stand, I am master in this house now—and I order you to leave the room.”

“You order me to leave the room! me who is your nearest of kin—your own mother’s mother,” she says, breathless, in her surprise.

“Don’t mention the fact—don’t remind me of it, lest I should do an injury. If you were twenty times my mother’s mother, I should have no compassion for you. Leave the room, I say, and rid us of a presence we detest.”

“But my dear sir—” interposes the lawyer, unwisely.

“Who are you to dictate to me?” exclaims Oliver, turning round on him; “you have come to the end of your infernal parchment, I suppose, and your business here is completed. If you have read it aright, this house is mine, and I shall issue what orders in it I think fit. I command that woman to leave this room, and at once, or I shall put her out of it.”

“Oh! you needn’t be afraid that I shall stay to be laid violent hands on by you, young man, though you are my grandson,” replies Mrs. Quekett, tossing her head. “I have my own income, thank heaven, and no need to be beholden to you or any one. I think the old gentleman might have done better than choose you for his successor; but as it is, he did it for my sake more than your own, and as a recompense for what I’ve suffered at his hands, though there’s few recompenses would make up for it. He led away my poor daughter before she came to her sixteenth year, and has had to pay pretty sharp for it ever since, for I don’t believe he’s had a quiet home since he passed you off on the world as his sister’s son; and the many minds he’s been in about it since he married that young woman—”

“It will not prove, perhaps, so great a surprise as you anticipate,” says Irene in a clear cold voice that makes Mrs. Quekett start. “At any rate, we are assembled to hear it.”

“As you will, madam—as you will,” returns Mr. Selwyn, somewhat nettled. “I only wished to spare you an unpleasant shock.”

“A shock for Mrs. Mordaunt! What can he mean?” exclaims Sir John Coote quickly.

The housekeeper smiles furtively, and smooths the crepe upon her dress-sleeve.

“Sir John, I must entreat you to be quiet and let Mr. Selwyn proceed,” says Irene.

“Whatever you hear of me, young man, be assured that I am quite able to bear it.” And so saying, white with envy and malice, she sinks away.

“Irene, I cannot bear it,” exclaims Oliver, as he sinks into a chair and covers his face with his hands. “If it had been anything but that—”

“My poor boy, I feel it so much for your sake. Sir John, is there anything more to do? any reason why we should not be left alone?”

“None whatever, my dear. Mr. Selwyn, Mrs. Mordaunt wishes the room cleared. Be good enough to retire with these gentlemen to the next.”

So the company, much disappointed at the issue of events, disappear, and Sir John Coote goes with them, and no one is left with the heir of Fen Court but Irene and Isabella and the little child.

Oliver remains where he has thrown himself—miserable, abashed, and silent.

“Oliver,” says Irene presently in her sweet, sad voice, “be comforted. He did you a great injury, but he has tried to atone for it. Remember how kind and loving he always proved himself towards you, and forgive him for the want of courage that prevented his letting you know your real relationship from the first.”

“Forgive him! when he has robbed you of everything. When he has disgraced you in the eyes of the world by passing over your name in his will as though you were not worthy to be mentioned, instead of being the most careful, attentive, affectionate wife a man could have. He was not worthy of you. I never thought so little of him as I do now.”

“Oh, hush, Oliver! Pray hush! You cannot know how you are wounding me. I do not pretend to be indifferent to the turn affairs have taken. It is a great disappointment and misfortune, and shame to me, but I feel that he is suffering for it now so much more than I am, that I forget my misery in the contemplation of his. And I cannot permit you to blame him before me. When Phillip made that will he thought that he was doing right, and I am very thankful that, as I was not to have it, he should have left his property to you instead of to some public institution.”

“I am not thankful at all. I hate the very idea of supplanting you, I never will do it, Irene. I refuse to take advantage of my—my uncle’s infirmity, or to accept a trust which is rightfully yours, and which you have done nothing to forfeit. What! Do you think I will reign here whilst you are starving out in the cold? I will cut my throat first.”

“I shall not starve, Oliver; I have my own for.”

“Pshaw!—a hundred a year. How can you live on that, who have been accustomed to every luxury? It is impossible.”

“It is quite possible; and I mean to do it.”

“My dear Mrs. Mordaunt,” here interrupts Isabella, for the first time—“but what—have I understood rightly—why does Oliver speak of your leaving the Court?”

“Did you not listen to your brother’s will?” replies Irene quietly. “He has left everything to—his son—”

“His son! Oh, dear! And you know it, then. And I always told Phillip it would be so much better to tell at once. But why to his son? I don’t think I can have listened properly—these things upset me so. You are not going away, my dear Mrs. Mordaunt?”

“I must go away, Isabella. Dear Phillip (you must not blame him, for he thought that he was committing an act of justice) has made Oliver his heir, therefore Fen Court is no longer mine. But I am not ambitious, and I shall do very well, and will not have any of my friends concern themselves on my account.”

“If you will not remain at Fen Court, neither will I,” interposes Oliver.

“But where will you go?” demands Isabella excitedly; “and you have so little money.”

“Dear Isabella, don’t worry yourself about that. I have plenty of places to go to, and kind friends to look after me, and I shall be very happy by-and-by,” says Irene with a sob, as she remembers how little truth there is in what she says.

“But we shall not see you,” replies Miss Mordaunt, as she rises and advances to the side of her sister-in-law; “and—and—oh! Irene!” she goes on, becoming natural in her emotion, “don’t go away, don’t leave us again. You are the only creature I have loved for years.”

“My dear Isabella!” says the young widow, as the tears rise to her eyes at this unexpected proof of affection, “why did you not let me know it before. It would have made me so happy.”

“Oh! I couldn’t—I didn’t like—and then, you know, you had Phillip. But now—and to think he could have wronged you so! Oh! my dear girl, do take my money—it’s very little, but I don’t want it. I have the legacy my father left me, and Oliver will let me stay on here. It would make me so much more comfortable to think you had it, and I couldn’t touch halfpenny of it, whilst things remain as they are.”

“Bravo! Aunt Isabella!” exclaims Oliver. “I didn’t think you were half such a brick. Live here? of course you shall! You must both live here, or I shall have the place shut up.”

“What have I done that you should be so kind to me?” says Irene, as she bursts into tears of gratitude and surprise. But she has no intention of accepting either of their offers, nevertheless.

“You do not understand my feelings on this subject,” she says to Oliver, a few hours later, when they are again discussing the advisability of her departure. “I have been suspected of the

grossest crime of which a woman can be guilty: that of marrying an honest man under false pretences; and my husband’s feelings concerning it have been made public property; for you can have no doubt that the curiosity which the provisions of his will excited has been already satisfied by Mrs. Quekett’s version of the story.”

“Can nothing be done to rectify the slander?”

“Nothing. Pray do not attempt it,” she says, shrinking from the idea of such an explanation being necessary. “I am conscious of my own integrity. Let me live the scandal down—only it cannot be at Fen Court.”

“Why not? Had my uncle lived a few hours longer, this will would have been altered.”

“Perhaps so; but I must abide by it as it stands—and I have too much pride, Oliver, to let the world think I would accept a position he didn’t think me worthy to maintain. It was a fatal mistake on his part, but it is God’s will, and I must suffer for it. I am quite determined to quit the Court.”

“Then I shall quit it too. It will not live here in your stead. It would make me wretched.”

“Oliver! you cannot mean it. You would never be so foolish. What will become of all this fine property without a master?”

“I don’t care a hang what becomes of it. If you will stay and look after it with me, I will remain.”

“That would be impossible, Oliver, in any case. You forget what you are talking about.”

“Then stay here by yourself.”

“Still more impossible. Pray do not torture me by any more entreaties. In plain words, Oliver, this child is supposed to be mine. He is not mine, but I have no intention of parting with him, at all events at present. Therefore we must go away and hide our humiliated heads somewhere together.”

“I wish you had never seen the brat.”

“I don’t.”

“What! not after all he has brought upon you?”

“It is not his fault.”

“Poor little devil. I ought to feel for him. Oh, Irene! the bitterest part of it all is the knowledge that I have any of that woman’s blood running in my veins. When I think of it I could—I could—” clenching his fist.

“Hush! yes. It is a bitter pill to swallow. But think of the misery it must have been to him. To have her threats of exposure constantly held over his head. Poor Phillip! Had we been more confidential, how much unhappiness we might have saved each other. What do you intend to do about Mrs. Quekett?”

“Turn her out of the house!”

“Oh, Oliver! however hard it may be, you should remember now that she is—your grandmother!”

But the words are hardly out of her mouth before Irene is frightened at the effect of them.

“My grandmother!” he exclaims, rising suddenly to his feet. “It is that fact alone, Irene, that decides me. Had she not been my grandmother, I might have made allowances for her infamous conduct. But that she—who brought my mother into the world and professed to love her—should have systematically tortured his life and done all she could to set him against me, whom he had so fearfully wronged, completely steals my heart against her. Were she an ordinary servant, grasping, avaricious, and contentious, I might have made allowances for her age and length of service, and fidelity; but now I can make none. I am only anxious to rid myself of a presence I have always

as he is, and the lawyer is deep and silent as the grave. And so for the nonce Oliver Ralston—or Mordaunt, as he must now be called—tries to make himself contented by wielding the sceptre at Fen Court and devising plans with the sapient Isabella for circumventing the young widow's resolution to remain undiscovered. But all in vain; three months pass, and they are still ignorant of her destination. It is close upon Christmas day, when one afternoon card is brought in to Oliver on which is inscribed the name of Lord Muiraven. Now, before Irene's departure she had confided to him all the details of the torn letter, and her last interview with her husband, so that he hopes Lord Muiraven may have seen her or come from her, and goes in to meet him gladly. Two gentlemen await him in the library; one clad in deep mourning, whom he concludes to be Muiraven; the other, a shorter, fairer, less handsome, but more cheerful-looking man, whom we have met once before, but doubtless quite forgotten; who was Muiraven's chum at college, and is now Saville Moxon, Esq., barrister-at-law, and owner of the jolliest set of chambers in the Temple.

"Mr. Mordaunt, I believe," says Muiraven, rather stiffly; "the—the nephew of my late friend, Colonel Mordaunt."

"I am Mr. Mordaunt; and I have often heard your name from my uncle's wife. Won't you sit down?"

His cordial manner rather overcomes the other's hauteur.

"Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Moxon," he commences, and then taking a chair, "We shall not detain you long, Mr. Mordaunt. I was much surprised to learn that Mrs. Mordaunt is not living at the Court. I came here fully expecting to see her. I am anxious to ascertain her address. Will you kindly give it me?"

"I wish I could, Lord Muiraven. I do not know it myself. I was in hopes you brought me news of her."

"Brought you news! How strange! But why is she not here? Is there any mystery about it?"

"No mystery—but much sadness. I am not a man to be envied, Lord Muiraven. I stand here, by my uncle's will the owner of Fen Court, to the wrong and detriment of one of the noblest and most worthy women God ever made."

"You are right there," exclaims Muiraven, as he seizes the other's hand. "But, pray tell me everything. My friend here is as my second self. You may speak with impunity before him. For God's sake, put me out of suspense. Where is Irene and the child?"

"If I may speak openly, my lord, that unfortunate child has been the cause of all our misery!"

"But—how—how?"

Then Oliver tells them how, in words that would be but repetition to write down again. He conceals nothing, hoping that Lord Muiraven may see the justice of following up Irene and relieving her of so onerous a charge as the protection of his illegitimate child. But as he proceeds he can perceive no blush of shame upon Muiraven's face; on the contrary, although he grows pale with excitement, his eyes never once flinch before those of his informant. When the story is concluded, he turns round to Moxon, and addresses him.

"Saville, we must leave this as quickly as possible. I must begin the search again in London. I feel as though I could not let an hour pass over my head without doing something. Thanks, Mr. Mordaunt, for your candid explanation. You have done me the greatest service possible. If Irene is to be found, I will send you news of her."

"But, my lord—excuse my curiosity—but will you be as candid as I have been, and let me know if the suspicions Irene holds with respect to her adopted child are correct?"

"They are so, Mr. Mordaunt, and they are not. The time for concealment is at an end. The boy whom you have known under the name of Tommy Brown is my lawful son—and the heir to my father's earldom." (To be continued.)

THE HEIR OF THE VAUGHANS.

A singularly handsome woman, in spite of her fifty odd years, was Mrs. Major Vaughan. Tall and straight as an arrow, with a smooth fair face that had a faint flush of health in the beautifully-rounded cheeks, proud lips showing a glimmer of perfect teeth, clear, brilliant, steel-gray eyes, and hair like spun silver, the wonder and admiration of all who knew her.

But then the Vaughans were a remarkable race—very proud of the little excellences that distinguished them from the common herd, and this beautiful silken hair was one of them. No true Vaughan, they said, was ever born without it, and the haughty lady in question would not have parted with that silvery-spun glory for untold riches.

It was repeated in her handsome son, Cecil, only the silvery sheen had given place to a warm, rich, yellow glow, like sunlight shining on a southern wall. Very much like his mother looked this well-favored Cecil, only handsomer, brighter, and younger, as was befitting. A true scion of his noble race was he, and Mrs. Vaughan was proud of him, and thought mother never before was blessed with such a son.

"If he only marries to please me my happiness will be complete," she said to herself, with a little sigh, every day of her life. "But men do make such silly choices, sometimes, when they are looking for a wife! Cecil may prove to be better than the rest, in that respect. I be-

lieve it would kill me, though, if he were to make a mésalliance."

For her own part, she had not been guilty of the folly of an inferior marriage. Born a Vaughan, she had wedded one of her own race—a distant relative.

She was too clever by far, however, to say very much upon this subject to Cecil himself. When he had once begun to drift toward forbidden havens, there would be time enough for remonstrance and entreaty.

But, though her lips were mute, that did not prevent her thoughts from dwelling pretty constantly upon this theme. In fact, she had made her own selection for Cecil already, and was only waiting for him to betray his individual preference, which she believed he would very soon do; for who, in all the wide world, was so well suited to him as her dear young friend, Bertha Kenyon? Had she not invited Bertha for a long visit on purpose to throw the young people together? Had she not plotted and planned and maneuvered, until she felt very much ashamed of her own hypocrisy, in order to precipitate an engagement?

She was seated in a great easy chair of crimson velvet, in which she looked every inch a queen, one particular evening of which I am now writing. Cecil stood near her, bending down every now and then to smile into her face, or say some endearing word, for he was very proud of his mother, when the door suddenly opened and a petite, girlish figure flitted in, like a spirit, and stood before them.

A fairy-like figure it was, with a round, bright piquant face, all pink-and-white save the almond-shaped eyes of turquoise blue. Shining yellow hair, soft as floss-silk, fell in rippling curls about her shoulders, and her dress looked like a fleecy cloud that had caught and retained the red rose tins of a lovely sunset.

On seeing this bewitching vision Cecil stood staring, as if not quite certain whether or not he had been suddenly bereft of his senses; and Mrs. Vaughan straightened herself on her chair with a little shrill of dismay.

"Good gracious! It can never be Rose Varian!"

The pretty fairy-like creature laughed softly, and putting out her pretty, dimpled arms, twined them about Mrs. Vaughan's neck.

"Yes, dear old auntie," she said, kissing her rapturously, "it is your own Rose."

Mrs. Vaughan drew back with a gasp.

"I—I—thought that you were safe at school."

"School!" echoed the beauty. "Humph! I'm tired of always being kept at school. And so I've come back to you, like a bad penny."

The haughty lady's face grew stern and cold.

She could not wholly conceal her dismay. Putting off those clinging arms, she said, faintly:

"My vinaigrette, Cecil! These surprises quite upset me."

Cecil brought it from the mantel, scarcely taking his bewildered eyes off the lovely creature who seemed to have dropped from the skies so suddenly. She was bright and piquante and man-like, he could not help admiring her very much indeed.

Mrs. Vaughan detected his admiration, and grew whiter and sterner than ever. After toying with her vinaigrette for some minutes she turned and said to Miss Varian:

"I did not expect you, Rose. Why didn't you send word you were coming?"

The little beauty tossed her head.

"I didn't know it myself very long beforehand, auntie. The fact is, I quarreled with Miss Garth, the lady principal—she said I was saucy and impudent, but that isn't true—and so I took French leave, as the saying is—came away without asking leave or licence."

Mrs. Vaughan frowned.

"Oh, you foolish child! such things are so disgraceful. You must go back to-morrow and beg Miss Garth's pardon."

"I shall not go back, and I shall never beg Miss Garth's pardon," returned Rose, an expression not wholly amiable coming into her turquoise eyes.

Mrs. Vaughan sighed and knitted her brows. She scarcely knew what to say to this daring little rebel. Besides, there stood Cecil, staring at her still, with a half-amused expression on his handsome face.

"Mother," he said, by way of interruption, "I beg your pardon. But this scene is quite inexplicable to me. Will you do me the honor to present me to this young lady?"

"Humph! I thought you knew her."

This was not true. But Mrs. Vaughan felt very angry, very much out of sorts, and did not consider her words at all.

"I have not that pleasure—as yet."

"Then let me introduce you. My son, Cecil. Miss Rose Varian."

The young man bowed low over the pretty slender hand she extended. For an instant he caught the flash of a pair of eyes bewilderingly bright and dangerous.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Vaughan," Rose murmured, sweetly.

Cecil said something in response that called a vivid blush to her cheek, and then turned once more to his mother.

"I don't like half explanations."

She understood him.

"Cecil, how silly you are getting to be," she said, pettishly. "Did I not write to you all about Rose, while you were on the Continent?"

"I'm sure you never mentioned her name."

"It must have been an oversight. Her father died something more than a year ago, and left her in my charge. I stand to her very much in the light of a guardian. That is all there is to tell; and now I hope you are satisfied."

"It is strange you never spoke of her before."

"Very strange," echoed Rose herself, those liquid blue eyes twinkling. "I do not feel flattened at being considered of so little importance."

"I tell you it was an oversight," Mrs. Vaughan said, sharply.

Rose knew better. She was a shrewd little body, and thought she could understand the real reason well enough.

"Auntie knows I am pretty," she thought. She always called Mrs. Vaughan "Auntie," though no such relationship really existed. "She meant to keep me safely hidden away from her handsome son for some time to come. Dear me! but he is handsome. It's fortunate, after all, that I had that little falling out with Miss Garth."

She smiled and shook her pretty head until every shining curl seemed to be dancing a jig. Already the sly minx was beginning to lay her plans for the future.

Cecil had scarcely released that slender, dimpled hand when there came a soft rustling of silk through the hall, and Bertha Kenyon entered.

She was a very handsome woman—tall and stately, with shining dark eyes, a pale, high-bred face, a sweet, tender mouth, and a graceful ease, so to speak—rather an innate refinement, that might have done honor to one of royal blood.

Her dark eyes opened a little wider than usual at the sight of a strange face, and one so infinitely charming, but she was too well-bred to manifest her surprise more openly.

Mrs. Vaughan stumbled a little over the introductions. She still felt angry, annoyed, and mentally wished Rose Varian in the antipodes at that particular time.

"Her coming couldn't have been more inopportune," she said to herself. "Cecil is sure to be charmed with her—men always are with these pink-and-white faces. Faugh! As if one wanted a wax doll for a wife. But Rose had better take care how she comes between Bertha Kenyon and my son. I couldn't brook that sort of thing."

Miss Kenyon was very pleasant and gracious to the new-comer. It was her way to have a smile and a kind word for everybody. But she could not help thinking her own thoughts, and Mrs. Vaughan seemed to read some of them, for she said, presently, pointing to the cloud of roses drapery Rose had on:

"I don't understand why you should come here dressed in that fashion. One would imagine you had just returned from a fancy ball."

Rose laughed carelessly.

"Please, auntie, do not criticize my dress. I had been doing wrong, you know, and must make confession directly I arrived, and girl-like, it seemed as if I must make myself as pretty as possible, and disarm you of all resentment in that way."

Cecil heard both question and answer, and glanced up quickly. This girl was very artful, or very innocent. Which was it?

Mrs. Vaughan could have told well enough. She opened her eyes incredulously.

"Humph! You should have given me credit for better sense that to have had my head turned by any such folly."

"I see it now," Rose returned, good-humoredly. "However, we all make errors sometimes. But, indeed, I was very anxious to please you. I tumbled off my ugly wraps, though, of course, I expected to find you alone. But they are so disfiguring."

Rose told little fibs, on occasion, and this was one of them. She had peeped in at the drawing-room window, in passing, and knew very well there was a gentleman, and that he was quite young enough and distingué-looking enough to be made the target for her coquettish little arrows.

Presently the young people withdrew to the piano. Mrs. Vaughan sat watching them for a long time afterwards, a slight frown contracting her fair white brow.

There was a little music, and a good deal of gay, animated talk, the greater part of both being done by Rose. Mrs. Vaughan could not help seeing that a shade of pensiveness settled upon Bertha Kenyon's face presently. She became paler than her wont, and a dreamy, far-away look came into her pretty dark eyes.

But Rose more than made up for Bertha's silence. She did nothing but prattle and laugh, and lift her turquoise orbs to Cecil's with glances at once shy and enticing. It was enough to turn any man's head—the looks she gave him.

"What an arch hypocrite," sighed the watchful mother, quite wrathfully. "I believe that quarrel with Miss Garth was all a fiction, and Rose knew Cecil was here, and came on purpose to make a fool of him. She is quite equal to a cunning game of that sort. She knows Cecil has money, plenty of it, while she has very little. The minx understands perfectly well on which side her bread is buttered."

Not a very elegant way of putting it, but Mrs. Vaughan was nearer right than she might have been. With whatever plans Rose Varian might have entered the house, it was now quite evident she would not be averse to bringing Cecil to her feet.

When Mrs. Vaughan's patience was quite exhausted by Rose's coquettish whiles, happening to catch her son's eye, she signed for him to approach.

"Come here, Cecil, I have something to say to you."

He approached, and leaning over her chair, softly kissed her cheek.

"What is it, ma mère?"

Mrs. Vaughan colored, and began to cough.

When she beckoned to her son she had suddenly made up her mind to tell him her wishes, let the consequences be what they might. Anything was better than to see him drift blindfold into the snare Rose had set for him.

But the topic was a very embarrassing one. She could scarcely find fitting words with which to express herself. So, after a moment's dead silence, she said, quite abruptly:

"Cecil, I would like to hear your opinion of Bertha Kenyon. Charming, isn't she?"

He reddened, and looked away in some confusion.

"Very, ma mère. I don't think I ever met her equal, in some respects, and I have seen a great many beautiful women."

This was candid, at any rate. Mrs. Vaughan took her hand of grace. Smiling fondly, she said, in her softest, sweetest tones:

"I am glad you admire her so much. I hope she may be mistress in this house, when I am dead and gone."

Cecil could not pretend to misunderstand her. He shifted uneasily, glanced one or twice at the two lovely figures still lingering at the piano, and thought dreamily how glad these words might have made him a few hours earlier—before Rose Varian came.

"I knew you were fond of Miss Kenyon," he faltered, after a pause.

"I couldn't love a daughter any better, Cecil," laying her soft hand upon his. "It would please me very much indeed if you would speak and decide your fate to-night."

He started, and the hot blood reddened his brow again.

"I will make the attempt," he said rather reluctantly.

"I will take care that you have the opportunity."

She was as good as her word. By-and-by, when Rose left the piano, and threw herself upon a cushion at their feet, in an attitude of unstudied grace the young man's artistic eye fully appreciated, Mrs. Vaughan gave him a significant glance.

"Rose," said she, "I want you tell me all about your difficulties at the seminary. Cecil, do you join Miss Kenyon. It is not at all befitting you should be a listener to this conversation."

The young man bowed, and moved away. Rose's turquoise eyes flashed angrily, but she felt herself powerless to interrupt the tête-à-tête that she now saw was inevitable.

The conservatory was lighted, and Cecil drew Bertha into its cool dusk and sylvan quiet. It seemed a scene of fairy-like beauty at that moment—tropical plants and tropical perfumes everywhere, and the soft silvery plash of fountains in their marble basins. It was like a glimpse of Eden.

Cecil quite forgot Rose's bewitching face and turquoise blue eyes, under the enchanted spell that at once enwrapt his senses. At one time he had been quite sure he loved Bertha, and now the old feeling came back as strong as ever. He grew cooler and calmer, and his whole soul made confession that this was the woman of all the world to guide and shape his future.

Bertha seemed to have an intuitive sense of what was coming. She had banished the dreadful fear and jealousy that had beset her while Rose was with them, and eyes and face were luminous, while the loveliest blushes imaginable chased each other over her pretty cheeks.

Cecil talked of other things, in an absent, dreamy way, for a long while; but suddenly he leaned over her, his whole heart in his eyes.

"I beg your pardon," she said, toying carelessly with a box of rings upon the dressing-case, "but I would like to know if you and Mr. Vaughan are engaged?"

Miss Kenyon turned, looking at her in cold surprise.

"No," she answered, haughtily, "we are not. Why do you inquire?"

Rose colored and stammered, in spite of herself. She had meant to wound Bertha, but had failed singularly in her intention.

"Idle curiosity," she said, rising to go. "Perhaps I should not have broached so delicate a subject. But schoolgirls are very communicative, you know, and I meant no harm."

Miss Kenyon turned indignantly away, in no wise appeased by such a limping explanation. Contempt was written all over her high-bred face, and Rose went out with her own very much flushed.

"You shall pay dearly for this scorn," she muttered between her teeth, shaking one little clenched fist at the door the instant it was closed between them. "Rose Varian never suffers an insult to pass unavenged."

She did look wicked and impish enough for anything, in spite of her bright debonair beauty.

Rose was not sent back to school the next day. Perhaps Mrs. Vaughan had thought better of it, perhaps she dreaded a struggle with the daring little rebel. At any rate, the matter was suffered to remain in abeyance.

The second morning after her arrival, Rose descended to the breakfast-room somewhat earlier than usual. She had heard the postman ring a few moments before and perhaps that was the reason of her haste, for the letters were always left on the table.

Two were laid beside Mrs. Vaughan's plate. Nobody was in the room. Rose turned them quickly over that she might see the address upon each, and all the pretty pink colouring faded from her face as she did so.

"From Miss Garth," she muttered, glaring at one of the letters. "I wish I knew what the old stupid has written to auntie!"

For a moment she hesitated, trembling all over. Then, snatching up the letter in question, she was about to thrust it into the bosom of her dress, when the door opened quickly.

The letter fell fluttering upon the table again. Rose wheeled round with a sharp little cry. It was Mrs. Vaughan herself who confronted her.

Rose was not a person to remain long at a loss. Affecting a little laugh, and bringing the color back to her face by a powerful effort, she said, quite gaily:

"Good morning, auntie. I am the early bird for once, you see."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Vaughan, dryly.

She had witnessed the little by-play, just as she entered. But not a muscle of her face betrayed this fact. She had almost perfect self-control, as befitting a woman of her age and experience.

She sat down quite coolly, and broke the seal of her letters, reading that from Miss Garth last. Rose watched her, with her heart in her mouth, though she tried to appear indifferent.

Presently, Mrs. Vaughan looked up with a smile.

"Miss Garth has written, my dear," said she. "She takes it for granted that you came directly to me, and seems to have borrowed no trouble on your account."

"What does she say?" asked Rose breathlessly.

"That you were dissatisfied with her system of government and left the seminary quite abruptly."

"Is that all?" drawing a deep breath. "I was afraid the old thing would fill half-a-dozen sheets with scandal about me. She is equal to it."

"Humph!" was the only comment Mrs. Vaughan made.

She had not told Rose all the contents of that letter, for one passage ran thus:

"It is my duty to inform you, madam, that Miss Varian's conduct has been very reprehensible, from first to last. For nearly two months she has been carrying on a flirtation with a handsome adventurer who recently made his appearance in our neighborhood. When I learned the fact I kindly remonstrated with her; she laughed in my face. I pointed out the folly of such conduct; she scoffed at me. I commanded to see the man in question no more; she openly defied me, and we have reason to think she stole from the post-bag a letter I wrote you, acquainting you with her doings. As a last resort, we locked her into her chamber, from which she contrived to escape, and nothing had since been heard of her."

This was a startling communication. But, with ready presence of mind, Mrs. Vaughan decided to keep it to herself for the present. By-and-by she would tell Cecil, if matters went too far.

Several days were on. Rose somewhat relieved of the haunting fear of exposure that had subdued her spirits in the first place, was gay, bright, dazzling, bewildering. She seemed an embodied sunbeam. She was all froth and foam and sparkle, like champagne. She was the light and life of the house. Everybody felt her power, even cool, worldly wise Mrs. Vaughan.

Cecil felt it more than all the others, simply because her brightest smiles, her most winning ways were all for him. She was playing for a high stake, and meant to win it. The wily creature knew exactly what strings to pull to draw the young man to her side, and she had no mercy.

If Cecil had really spoken the words that bound him to Bertha Kenyon, he would have been safe. A sense of honor would have kept him firm and true. But he stood upon that de-

batable ground from which he could look either way. And Rose's bright debonair beauty bewildered him. He began to think he could never be happy without her, and to shun poor, patient Bertha, as we shun all those whom we know we have injured. Mrs. Vaughan watched silently the progress of affairs, but was not quite ready to play her trump card. She was sitting at her dressing-room window, in the purple dusk, one evening, when she saw two figures pacing slowly along one of the shady garden paths at a distance—Rose, and a gentleman who was not Cecil.

Her mind was made up in a instant. Throwing a lace shawl over her shoulders, she stole downstairs and out upon the lawn, taking her stand in a clump of larches.

Rose and her companion passed near presently.

"You are cruel," he was saying, in an angry voice; it was a voice that, somehow, sounded strangely familiar to the listener. "You went away, and left no word where I could find you. It was by the merest accident I heard you were here, Rose."

"Of course you followed me at once?" she murmured, sweetly.

"Yes. Are you not my betrothed wife? I could not give you up so easily."

"Hush!" cried Rose. "You must go away. Mrs. Vaughan is my guardian, you know. She would be very angry if she found you here. You must go away, I tell you, and see me no more."

"I won't," he answered, flatly. "What do you mean by dismissing me in this manner? Oh, Rose, have you ceased to love me?"

"No, no. I only ask for time, that I may make everything straight and easy. Go away—leave the neighborhood entirely for two months, and then you may come back to claim me."

The man uttered a stifled exclamation. Mrs. Vaughan did not bear what it was, but obeying a sudden impulse, she stepped out of the dense shadow of the larches, and drew nearer.

"Rose, is that you?" she called.

"Yes, auntie," was the answer, in a trembling voice, after a minute's hesitation.

"Humph!" She glanced sharply at the young girl's companion, but it was now too dark to see his face distinctly. Besides, her eyes were not so good as they once had been.

"You have a stranger with you, Rose," she said, a little sternly. "I don't like these twilight walks for young people. Bring your friend to the house. Nay, I insist that you do so," for Rose was beginning to demur.

"And for my own part, madam," said the man, courteously. "I shall insist upon going, after your kind invitation."

She walked towards the house, and the young people followed, evidently against Rose's wishes. But the girl's companion was as grim and stubborn as Mrs. Vaughan herself. Perhaps he saw a little selfish advantage in this encounter, and was determined not to lose it.

The lamps were lighted in the drawing-room, and Bertha Kenyon sat there alone, turning over a book of engravings. Cecil entered from the library at the very instant our odd little party crossed the hall, and so the whole confronted each other in the brilliant lamplight of the larger apartment.

Mrs. Vaughan stood still at last, and looked grimly into Rose's white, scared face.

"Now, my dear, pray present me to your friend."

Tone and look called the angry blood into the girl's cheek, and she was herself again.

"Certainly, dear aunt. Mr. Robert Melvin, Mrs. Vaughan."

At the sound of that name, Mrs. Vaughan uttered a sudden cry, and dropped all in a heap into the nearest chair.

"Robert Melvin?" she gasped, and gave him a short, keen glance, growing frightfully pale all at once.

He was a tall, handsome fellow, sufficiently like Cecil to have been his brother. Indeed, the resemblance was striking.

Mrs. Vaughan saw it at a glance. None but the Vaughans ever had that peculiar look.

"Yes," said Rose, staring hard. "Do you know Mr. Melvin?"

"N-no!"

"Ah, I comprehend!" with a flash of her eyes, and a toss of her pretty head. "You see how marvellously he is like your son."

Mrs. Vaughan did not answer.

While she sat with one white, quivering hand over her eyes, Rose very coolly presented her friend to Cecil and Miss Kenyon. She was determined to put a bold face on a very unpleasant situation.

"Mr. Melvin was a friend of mine at the seminary," she said, giving Cecil a quick appealing glance from out her pretty blue eyes. "He came up on purpose to renew the acquaintance."

"Yes," assented Mr. Melvin, laughing somewhat constrainedly. "It seemed unwise wholly to lose sight of Miss Varian."

Rose colored, and Cecil bit his lips angrily. "I hope she appreciates the trouble you have taken, Mr. Melvin."

"I have no doubt but that she does," was the quite answer.

"My dear Miss Kenyon," said Rose, abruptly, "do not the gentlemen bear a striking resemblance to each other?"

Bertha made an affirmative reply.

"I have often thought of it. Of course it is quite accidental."

"Of course," put in Mrs. Vaughan, sharply, for she was listening. "How could it be otherwise?"

The color slowly returned to her pale cheeks. She even condescended to question Robert Melvin, after a little.

"I have no history," he said, in answer to her queries. "I am a waif—a castaway. Even my name may be a borrowed one—I do not know."

Rose listened with the color coming and going in her dimpled cheeks. Could she marry a nameless adventurer when the heir of the Vaughan was ready to fall at her feet? No, it was out of the question.

Mr. Melvin remained quite late. Rose was creeping upstairs, after he went, thinking her own peculiar thoughts, when Cecil strode up behind her very white and stern.

"Rose," he said, sharply, "what is that man to you?"

She clung to the railing, trembling visibly.

"Mr. Melvin? Nothing. How could you think it?"

"It is false," he cried out, as if the words hurt him. "He loves you!"

"Is that my fault?" murmured the girl, bursting into tears. "I didn't mean he should. I never gave him any encouragement. Could I help his being so very, very—foolish?"

Cecil's face softened. He caught both her hands in his own.

"Then you do not care for him?" he exclaimed. "Oh, Rose, Rose, do you love me?"

Her head dropped on his shoulder, and the answer came so low that he could scarcely catch it. But it was wholly satisfactory.

When he passed his mother's door, an hour later, she opened it and spoke to him.

"Come in, Cecil."

There was something worn and weary in her voice. She pointed to a chair and sat down beside him, looking utterly miserable.

"You have been with Rose," she said, abruptly. "Tell me all that has passed between you."

He started, and flushed guiltily.

"I love her," he said, after a brief silence, but speaking with decision. "She has promised to be my wife."

"Your wife?" echoed Mrs. Vaughan, with a groan.

"Yes. But the engagement must be kept a secret for the present. She wishes it. She has reasons for not having it proclaimed publicly."

"I should think she had," was the bitter answer. "She is afraid of Mr. Melvin's anger. She was his betrothed wife before she ever saw you."

Cecil grew ghostly pale.

"It is not true!" he cried. "I will not believe it. She has been maligned to you."

"Listen, my poor boy."

And she burst into tears.

"What is it, mother?"

"Listen," she said, again. "Rose is a false, mercenary creature. Let me prove it to you."

She told him of Mrs. Garth's letter, and the conversation she had overheard in the garden.

"You can put two and two together. Of course Mr. Robert Melvin is the gentleman she used to meet clandestinely at the seminary."

Cecil listened like a man who had received a sudden shock. But conviction struck to his very soul. He writhed in his chair, and put off his mother's clinging arms. Slowly the scales were falling from his eyes.

"How stupid I have made myself!" he broke out, at last, wiping great drops of perspiration from his brow. "I was angry, jealous—the attentions of that man maddened me! That is why I spoke to-night. And now, now I begin to realize I do not really love her, after all. She intoxicated—bewildered me."

"Poor boy, you shall not sacrifice yourself."

"My troth is plighted, mother. It is too late to turn back. A Vaughan never breaks his word."

She smiled upon him proudly in spite of her unhappiness. What a dear, brave, noble boy he was!

"Go to your room," she said, rising, after thinking earnestly for some minutes. "Do not trouble yourself over this unhappy affair. I think I see a way out of it. Leave everything to me. Good night, my boy."

She kissed him fondly, and sent him away.

Robert Melvin called again the next morning. The housekeeper, Mrs. Vine, chanced to be crossing the hall just as he entered. She let fall the water pitcher she was carrying, and it broke into a thousand pieces upon the marble floor.

"Heaven bless and save us!" she cried, looking frightened.

"What is the matter?" said Rose, coming quickly out of the drawing-room.

Mrs. Vine pointed to the young man with her hand shaking dreadfully.

"I thought I had seen a ghost," she faltered. "He is the very picture of Rupert Vaughan, my poor master who is dead and gone."

"Indeed," said Rose, growing interested at once. The housekeeper had lived with the Vaughans all her life and knew their secrets as well as she did her own. "How very strange! Tell me all all about Rupert Vaughan."

Mrs. Vine shook her head.

"My mistress would be very angry," she muttered. "The story has been hushed up all these years."

Then she darted away as if afraid of revealing more.

Rose's eyes met those of her quondam lover.

"Robert," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "I half believe you are a Vaughan, after all!"

He laughed.

"It is quite possible," his stone careless in the extreme. "Anybody can see there is some mystery here."

"Perhaps you are the real heir to all these broad acres."

"I wish I was, my dear. We would be married to-morrow."

Rose blushed and sighed. She loved Robert a thousand times better than she did Cecil. Oh, why couldn't he have been rich like the other, that she might have listened to the voice of her heart?

Perhaps he was rich, and did not know it—rich, that is if he had his rights.

Rose was a very clever body, and she determined to know the truth before going any farther.

You would have smiled to see how nicely she managed affairs while Robert remained. Her smiles were equally distributed between him and Cecil—so equally that neither one would have suspected the relation in which she stood to the other by her actions. She was walking on a bridge of glass, and chose her steps very carefully.

That night Mrs. Vine was closeted in her mistress's room for a long time.

Rose heard her go up and stole after her to listen at the keyhole.

She did not catch many words of what was said. But she heard quite enough to deepen her conviction that Mrs. Vaughan knew more about Robert Melvin than she cared to acknowledge.

HAND IN HAND TOGETHER.

When evening o'er the cloudless sky
Hath spread her star-gemm'd canopy,
We ramble forth, my love and I,
Hand in hand together.

And as we slowly onward rove,
Scarce heeding where, by field or grove,
We breathe our vows of mutual love,
Hand in hand together.

We fondly trust in future years
To share each other's hopes and fears,
While travelling through this vale of tears,
Hand in hand together.

Oh! while we wander here below,
In health, or sickness, joy, or woe,
May we be ever found as now,
Hand in hand together.

And when our term on earth is o'er,
And worldly things can charm no more,
Oh! may we gain th' eternal shore
Hand in hand together.

THE LOST WILL.

BY J. E. P.

Two persons sat together in a first-floor room fronting a street in a thriving little city. The afternoon sky was gray, cold and dull; and the room was grayer, colder, duller, than the sky; everything about the place looked sordid and neglected. The rain-channelled dust of years had crusted on the windows. The deed boxes on the shelves behind the door, the musty books in the book-case opposite the fireplace, the yellow map that hung over the mantelpiece, were all thickly covered with dust and cobwebs.

It was the private room of Lawrence Haight, attorney at law, and it opened out from a still drearier office, in which a clerk was hard at work. There was a clock in each room, and a calendar on each mantelshelf. The hands of both clocks pointed to half-past three, and the calendars both proclaimed that it was the second day of June, eighteen hundred and sixty-two.

The two persons sitting together in the chamber were the lawyer and his wealthy old father-in-law, Mr. Jacob Osdell.

Mr. Haight had placed his chair with the back to the window, so that his features were scarcely distinguishable in the gathering gloom of the afternoon. His visitor—a stout, pale man with a forest of iron-gray hair about his temples—sat opposite, with the light full upon his face, and his hand crossed on the knob of his cane.

"I have come to talk to you, Lawrence," said he, "about George Crawford."

"About George Crawford?" repeated the lawyer.

"Yes—I think I have been too hard with him. I intend that he and Lucy shall come back to the old home."

"Ah, you don't say so! Upon what terms, Mr. Osdell?"

"Upon no other terms than that they shall be son and daughter to me. You see, Lawrence, I am growing old, and my home is a very lonely one now that you have taken my only other child."

Haight shifted around a little farther from the light, and looked up with a keen, inquiring glance.

"You have forgiven them, eh?"

"Yes; fully and freely."

"Do they know it?"

"No. I shall go to them to-morrow."

"I have no objections to offer now, Mr. Osdell; and I see you would not listen to them, if I had. But I am sure you would regret this determination. Why, it is scarcely a year since you were heaping the most vindictive curses upon their ungrateful heads."

"Yes, that is so, Lawrence. I had cherished high hopes of Lucy's making a brilliant match, and the plans of a lifetime were overthrown when she married Crawford; but, after all, there is nothing against him save his poverty."

"And I should say that was a very great deal, Mr. Osdell."

"At any rate, it is a fault easily remedied, Lawrence. I gave you five thousand pounds last week to invest for me. I now command the order, and will call next week for the money. I shall give them that at once."

Lawrence Haight's hand trembled like an aspen leaf as he placed it to his burning forehead. A moment passed before he could command his voice to reply, and there was a tremor in it then, in spite of him."

"You are too wise a man, I am sure, Mr. Osdell," said he, "to act in this rash manner."

"And you are too wise, I am sure, Lawrence, not to know that a man should never attempt to do right by halves. No, I am not acting rashly. I have but two children—your wife and Lucy. To you I have given thousands, to her not a penny. You surely should not complain if I repair the injury I have done them."

As he said that the old man rose to his feet and turned toward the door. His hand was on the latch when Haight stopped him.

"What about he will you left in my charge?" he asked.

"The will! Oh, yes; that must be altered, of course."

"When?"

"As soon as I come back from Crawford's."

"All right, sir. Good evening."

"Good evening, Lawrence."

The lawyer ushered his visitor through the

outer office, listened a moment to his heavy footfall going down the street, hastened back to his private room, and shut the door.

"Goo! Heaven!" exclaimed he, in a low, agitated tone, "what's to be done now? This is ruin—ruin!"

He took three or four restless turns about the room, then flung himself into his chair, and buried his face in his hands.

"He thinks I am rich," he muttered. "I a rich man, indeed! Why, even the five thousand pounds are gone with the rest! Merciful powers! what can I do? To whom can I turn for it? What security have I to give? Only a week's notice, too. I am lost! I am lost!"

Again he arose and strode rapidly up and down the room. Gradually the trouble deepened and deepened on his face, and his cheeks grew deathly pale.

"There is one way out of it!" he groaned. "Bill Davis could—Must I do that?"

He sank down into his chair, rested his chin upon his open palms, and fell into a deep and silent train of thought.

In a little while he sprang up again, seized his hat, and hastened out into the street. On leaving the house he directed his steps towards a portion of the city notorious as the abode of crime and infamy.

He walked rapidly, with the firm, swift step of a man full of determination. Soon he struck into a street where everything bore the mark of corruption and decay. Houses with unglazed sashes, unhinged doors, roofless and crumbling away beneath the hand of time, were leaning against each other, to support themselves amid the universal ruin. Crowds of miserable objects, the wrecks of human beings, were loitering about the dismal holes which they called their homes; some, shivering on the footway, were nesting closely together to protect themselves from the chill night air; some, bloated and half-stupefied with hard drinking, went muttering along, or stopped to brawl with others like themselves. Young females, too, with hollow cheeks and hungry eyes, were loitering among the herd. Many of them had been born to nothing better; but there were those among the number who once had friends who loved them, and had looked forward to a future without a shadow. And they had come to this! They had broken the hearts of those who would have cherished them, and had drunk of crime and woe to the dregs.

Haight shuddered as he hurried through this gloomy spot. Stifled screams and groans and sounds of anger, and blasphemy burst upon his ears, mingled with shouts of mirth; and he observed figures shrinking in the obscure corners of the buildings as he passed, and watching him with the cautious yet savage eye of mingled suspicion and fear: for he was in the very heart of the region where thieves and cut-throats were skulking to avoid the vigilance of the police, and had common lot with the penniless and homeless who came there only to die. With a feeling of relief he emerged from this doomed spot, and came to a more quiet street.

It was growing late in the night when he at last came to a mean-looking house, having a small sign over the door, indicating that it was a tavern, and with a number of illuminated placards in the windows, intimating that lodgings were to be had, and that various liquors might be purchased at the moderate sum of six-pence.

Haight pushed roughly past two or three persons, and entered a dingy room, strongly impregnated with the fumes of tobacco and spirits, and enveloped in a cloud of smoke. It was filled with persons who looked as if they would not hesitate to ease a pocket, or, if it were necessary, to extend their civility so far as to cut a throat. Some were savage, silent and sullen; others, under the influence of what they had drunk, were humorous and loquacious; some, steeped in intoxication, were lying at full length upon benches; others were leaning back in their chairs against the wall, saying nothing, but blowing out clouds of tobacco smoke. In the midst of this disorderly throng sat the proprietor, keeping guard over rows of shelves occupied by a small congregation of decanters.

The lawyer walked around the room, staring into each man's face, and then approached the landlord.

"I don't see Davis. Is he there?" asked he of that personage, nodding his head at the same time toward an inner chamber.

"No; he's upstairs," was the answer.

"Alone?"

"I believe so. He took some brandy and a candle, and went off."

"Does he stop here to-night?"

"If he pays first, he can."

Haight left the room, and, ascending a narrow staircase, with which he seemed familiar, came to a dark passage. A light shining from beneath a door at the farther end of it guided him to the room that he sought, which he entered without ceremony.

Seated at a table, smoking and drinking, was a red-eyed, bloated-faced man of about forty, dressed in a ragged suit, the coat of which was buttoned closely up to the throat, to conceal the want of a shirt. As the lawyer entered he looked up; then pushing back his chair, came forward and extended his hand.

"How are you, sir?"

Haight, without noticing the extended hand, drew a chair to the table, and sat down.

"I came to see you on business," said he.

"Ah! what is it?"

"Who's in the next room?"

"I don't know. It's empty, I believe."

"Go and see, and look in all the rooms."

Davis, taking the light, went out, and present-

ly returning, reported that all the rooms were empty. He then drew a chair directly in front of Haight, and, placing a hand on each knee, looked in his face.

"Can you keep a secret, Davis?" asked the lawyer, looking full into two eyes that never blenched.

"Can't you tell? You ought to be able to."

"Will you swear?"

"Yes, out with it! I'll keep a close mouth."

"Well, then," continued Haight, watching him sharply, to see the effect produced by his communication, and speaking in a whisper, "suppose you owed a man five thousand pounds, and no man knew of the debt but you two, what would you do?"

"I'd kill the creditor before morning," was the reply.

"What if you were paid to do that very thing?"

"Would you do it?"

"What is the pay?"

"A hundred pounds."

"I'll do it!"

"And your nerves won't fail?"

"Never fear that."

Leaning forward in his chair, and speaking in a still lower tone, the lawyer now poured all his plans into the ruffian's ear. An hour passed by, and then he arose to go.

"Mind, now," said he, "he will leave at half-past ten to-morrow."

"All right, I'll be ready."

"Here's ten pounds; I suppose you are broke?"

"I always am," was the reply.

Haight handed him the money, and, leaving the house, hurried off toward his own home.

* * * * *

The early morning stage drew up in front of the "Eagle" hotel, just as Mr. Osdell awoke from a long, deep sleep. He opened his eyes, and heard the stage horn, both at the same instant of time. His determination to do an act of charity and justice to his injured child had filled his whole being with the warm glow of happiness and peace, and he had slept the sleep of the just.

He sprang out of bed, when he heard the blowing of the horn, and began to prepare for his journey. While he is doing so, it is necessary that we should go back a little way into his past history.

To the majority of person Jacob Osdell was simply a rich, gentlemanly, "clever-looking" man. Even his clerks, who saw him daily for three hundred and thirteen dreary days in every dreary year, had no more notion of their employer's inner life than the veriest stranger who brushed past him in the street. They saw him only as others saw him and thought of him only as others thought of him.

They knew that he had a profound and extensive knowledge of his business, an iron will, and an inexhaustible reserve of energy. They knew that he had two daughters, that he was a widower and rich, and this was all they did know.

One of his daughters had been married, long ago, to the wealthy and rising young lawyer, Lawrence Haight. The other remained at home with her father, and became his darling and pet.

A year before the time when our story commences, this daughter had met George Crawford, who was one of her father's most trusted clerks. They had loved each other from that moment. When the knowledge of this fact came to the old gentleman, he had raged and stormed in the most outrageous manner. He at once dismissed George from his employment, and threatened Lucy with the direst vengeance if she persisted in her "folly."

All to no purpose, however, were the old man's threats and anger. At the first opportunity, Lucy left his house, and she and George were made man and wife.

From that day forward Jacob Osdell never mentioned their names. He made his will, leaving to Mrs. Haight all his property except the house in which he lived. This alone out of his great wealth he gave to Lucy.

This will he placed in Lawrence Haight's hands with the injunction that it should be opened immediately after his death, and before his body should be consigned to the grave.

Month after month he had been nursing his wrath to keep it warm, but it had grown cool, cold, colder, in spite of him. His heart yearned for his darling and pet, and refused to be comforted.

Finally the news came to him that a little child had been born to Lucy, and that she had given it his name. Then all his anger left him, and he determined to take her to his heart and home again as we have seen.

Crawford lived in a snug little cottage a few miles from the city and it was thither that Mr. Osdell was about to journey by the coach that stood waiting at the door.

In a few moments he came to the bar to pay his bill.

"Are there any other passengers?" said he to the landlord.

"Yes, there is!" was the reply. "And an odious character he is too, I think."

"Why, what kind of a man do you take him to be? Not a highwayman, I hope, land'ord?"

"Wus nor all that, sir; but then I only suspects."

"What do you suspect?"

The man adjusted his collar, and looked impressively into Mr. Osdell's face.

"I suspects a great deal—a very great deal!" said he, with an ominous shake of the head. "He's a murderer's rascal—I know it by a sign that never fails."

Mr. Osdell was not a nervous man, and there-

fore was not at all alarmed at this communication.

"What is your sign?" he laughingly asked.

"The sign," replied the landlord, confidently.

"I know it by the cut of his eye."

"The what?"

"The cut of his eye," reiterated the landlord, positively. "Let me get the cut of a man's eye, and I know him at once. And I warn you, sir, to look out for that man. He's a murderer's rascal!"

After the coach had started, and was well on its way, Mr. Osdell looked up at his fellow passenger, and endeavored to ascertain the mysterious "cut of the eye" for himself. The man before him was bundled up in a huge overcoat, and his hat was pulled down over a face which was not the most prepossessing in the world, and whose natural deficiencies were not at all diminished by the lack of a very recent application of either water or razor.

He coolly bore the scrutiny of his features, and never for an instant turned away his glance from the face of Mr. Osdell.

"Well," said he, growing weary at last, "I'm a beauty, aint I?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied Mr. Osdell, somewhat disconcerted at this remark, "I mean no offence, I assure you."

"Oh! you didn't, didn't you? Well, don't do it again, that's all!"

"I certainly shall not, sir; I have no wish to offend you."

"No; you had better not. I've had enough of your impudence; and if you give me any more, I'll—"

"You'll what?"

"I'll," said the man, opening his vest and touching the handle of a dirk. His eyes flashed from their dark caverns with sullen ferocity, like those of an hyena. "Yes, that!" he continued. "Do you understand now?"

Evidently the man for some reason wished to quarrel with him; and Mr. Osdell, seeing this, and believing him to be drunk or crazy, restrained himself, and, as calmly as he could, said:

"Put up your knife, sir; you shall have no occasion to use it. And, besides that, to use it would be murder, and the punishment of that, I believe, is death."</p

plainly see the white fence around it, and the trees in the yard. He hastened on, hoping to get so close to the house that his voice would be heard before the man should discover him again.

He was within twenty feet of the garden gate, when a dark form swooped down upon him from the side of the road, as swift as a panther and dealt him a short, powerful blow that sent him reeling to the earth. It was done so quickly that there had been no time for even a scream. A knife glistened a moment in the air, descended, and Bill Davis had earned his hundred pounds.

The next morning George Crawford saw a sight at his very gate that made his blood run cold. There, before him, in the mud, lay his father-in-law, old Jacob Osdell. Besides the body, apparently dropped by a robber while searching for money, lay a small strip of paper. On it were these words, in Jacob Osdell's handwriting :

"I have this day made a will in revocation of the one in Haight's possession. June 2, 1862."

Far and wide rang the news of that fearful murder. Men stopped each other to talk of it in the crowded streets of the city, and women in the country gossiped over it at their firesides until they drove the blood from their own cheeks. From morning till night hundreds loitered about the blood-stained spot, gazing at the crimson earth with that mixture of apprehension and delight which go hand in hand so strangely.

The police took the matter in hand. They went to the spot and examined it; overhauled the paper that had been found, winked their eyes solemnly at the knife, which still lay on the ground, shook their heads and made profound remarks to each other in a tone which struck peculiar awe to the hearts of three small boys who had followed at their heels. After making voluminous notes they went back to the city, and immediately arrested a man who had no more to do with the crime than an unborn babe.

Soon the wonder grew stale; it gradually melted away, and in a year was entirely forgotten.

The only will that could be found was the one in Haight's possession, and consequently it was at once admitted to probate. Under it the lawyer took possession of all Osdell's property except the house that had been given to Crawford.

Ten years had passed away since the murder, and in all that time George Crawford had never ceased his search for the will mentioned in the slip of paper found near Jacob Osdell's body. He was confident his father-in-law had made a will in his favor, but where was it? He had thoroughly ransacked the old house that had been given him, from garret to cellar, but without avail. The old desk in which Osdell usually kept his papers had been almost broken up in the search, but nothing came of it.

Lawrence Haight had heard of the memorandum discovered on the morning after the murder, and he too believed in the existence of the will. He had supposed, however, that as the conversation between himself and Osdell had been a private one, no one knew of the old man's intentions regarding George Crawford, and that therefore no search was being made for the missing document.

Within the last few days, he had discovered that such search was being made by Crawford. He was satisfied that the will was somewhere in the old house, and therefore the news that Crawford was poking into all its old nooks and crannies gave him great alarm. Somehow this search must be stopped; but how to do it he could not tell.

He sat in his office till long after dark, pondering this question. Were the trouble and worry of this thing never to end? The dearest scheme of his heart had succeeded; he had been saved from ruin; and now was a rich man—enormously rich—and yet he was not happy.

Davis had tormented the life out of him for hush-money, and now had come this new difficulty. What if the will were found? What if it led to revelations of the motive for murder? What if he were obliged to appear as a felon at the bar?

He felt but too truly that his life had been such as to repel all sympathy, and to gather about his path only those who would rejoice at his downfall.

"Imprisonment! disgrace! a convict! a convict!" muttered he. "No, never! There shall be more murders first!"

Man does not become a fiend at once. He does not burst into the world a criminal, with a heart of stone, a conscience seared, feelings dead, and affections withered at the root. These are the works of years; the result of a long struggle. All that is great and good in the soul battles to the last, before it yields its purity; and when it is crushed the man bears marks and brands that never leave him while life lasts.

Lawrence Haight had passed through the fiery ordeal, and came out of it callous to crime, ready for another murder, but with a heart teeming with vague fears. The dread of this search for the will made him shiver with fear. Tormented with thousands of forebodings of ill, he could neither reason nor think.

As he sat brooding over the news he had received there came a knock at the door.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"Come and see," replied a harsh voice from without.

"It's you, Davis, is it?" said he, in an altered tone.

At the same time he unlocked the door and admitted the burly form of a man, with his hat slouched down over his eyes. His face was pale and haggard, and his eyes swollen and red.

"You are the very man I wanted," said the lawyer, as he came in, at the same time locking the door.

Davis strode up to the fire and extended his hands to the flame.

"Put on more coal," he said. "I'm freezing; and I guess you have made enough out of me to keep me warm, haven't you?"

"I'm afraid it will all be taken away again, Davis," said Haight, as he heaped on the coal.

"How? What do you mean?"

"Why, that Crawford is searching for the will."

"Oh, he's been doing that for ten years, hasn't he?"

"Not that I know of; but it doesn't matter—he's got to be stopped."

"Look here, I've never murdered but one man, and I'll never murder another—unless it be you for tempting me that time. Is it murder you mean?"

"Not so loud, Davis; not so loud," whispered the lawyer, in alarm. "Can't you suggest something? I don't care what it is."

Davis thought over the matter for a few moments, and finally said.

"I've got a plan that I think will work, but I must be paid."

"I'll give you anything you want if you succeed!"

"Well, then, my plan is this: Crawford is poor, and wants borders. He doesn't know me, and so I'll go there to-morrow as a boarder. I'll help to search for the will, you know! Ha! ha!"

"If you bring me that paper, Bill, you shall have a thousand pounds."

"All right, I'm your man. I'll go to-morrow."

It was on this very night that George Crawford and his wife were sitting by a blazing fire, in their large old parlor; listening to the storm that was raging without, and busily concocting a plan for one more final and thorough search for the lost will.

Times had grown hard with them, and, during the last winter, George had been out of employment altogether. Their last pound was fast being reached, and their only hope now was in finding the long-sought-for paper.

"I think it must be in that old desk in the garret," said George. "It was there he kept all his papers; and he was seen there writing a short time before he started on that last journey."

"It seems strange, George, very strange," replied his wife. "It's a mystery I cannot fathom."

"Well, I'll tell you, Lucy. I'll—Hark! What was that?"

A violent gust of wind rushed around the old house, rattled the shingles on the roof, and poured down the garret stairs with a wild, moaning, ghastly sound. It died away in the distance and was immediately followed by a sudden, startling crash up in the garret loft.

George sprang to his feet, and his wife clung in terror to his arm. They listened a moment, but the sound was not repeated.

Taking up one of the lamps, George, followed by Lucy, who was too much terrified to remain alone, stepped out into the hall, and began to grope his way up the staircase. They went warily up and entered the huge garret, George holding the light aloft, and looking from right to left for the cause of the crash.

It was weird old place by lamplight; an immense space, divided only by huge arches that supported the roof, and filled with old lumber and worn-out furniture. There were holes in the floor where rats skulked, and holes in the loft where pigeons built their nests, flying in and out of the broken window panes.

Nothing, however, seemed to have been disturbed until they reached the other end of the room. There something lay in a heap of ruins.

"That's what did it," said George, as the light revealed the old desk.

It had been tipped back against the wall, as it had but two legs, and the wind had overbalanced it.

Handing Lucy the light, George stooped down to raise the splintered lid. As he did so a little concealed drawer was revealed. With a trembling hand he opened it, and there before him lay the long-lost will.

"Eureka!" cried he, as it drew it forth. "Lucy, we have found it at last!"

They carried it down to the fire, and examined it. It took some time to decipher the contents, for the ink was somewhat faded; but the first lines were sufficient.

"I give and bequeath to Lucy Crawford the bulk of all the property of which I may die possessed; subject, etc."

Here followed a large legacy to Lawrence Haight.

When morning came, the good news spread far and wide.

That night, the lawyer did not go home. He was waiting to hear some news from Davis as to the result of his little stratagem. He had grown rapidly older within the last few days. His face was haggard; his temples sunken, and he twisted his fingers together with a kind of childlike helplessness.

He drew his chair closer to the fire, and stirred up the dying coals, for he was beginning to be chilly, and felt that if there were a blaze he would be less lonely. He coughed loudly too, and rattled the poker against the bars of the

grate; for there was something in the dead silence that made him shudder. But even the noise frightened him, so shaken were his nerves. He tried to laugh off his fears as ridiculous, and he threw himself back in his chair and laughed aloud.

If ever mortal man felt the agony of terror, he did; for at that moment his laugh was echoed from the outer office.

Crouching back in his chair, with his heart beating fast and hard, and gasping for breath, his hair bristling, he sat watching the door. He heard a slight motion, like a sliding, creeping step. It stopped. Then it came again, and nearer; then a hand touched the knob, turned it, opened the door, a gaunt figure stole cautiously in.

With a feeling partly of horror, and partly of relief, Haight sprang to his feet as the light revealed to him the ghastly features of Davis.

"Davis!" exclaimed he.

"That's me!" said the man, looking vacantly about him. "I wonder where Osdell is?"

"Osde!" exclaimed the lawyer, staring at him. "Why, you should know. He's dead long ago."

Davis had heard the news of the finding of the will, and to his mind, already half crazed with liquor, the discovery of the perpetrator of the murder seemed now to be certain. The awful dread of this had made of him a raving maniac. Instinctively he had made his way to Haight's office.

"Dead! Then who murdered him?" he cried, advancing on the lawyer. "You did it? You—ha! have I found you?"

He clutched the lawyer in his vice-like grip.

"Huzza! huzza!" shouted he, dashing his hand in his bosom, and drawing out a large knife.

"Heaven protect me!" exclaimed Haight, struggling to get loose. "Help! help!"

Now, however, Davis was ungovernable. He sprang upon the lawyer, and bore him to the floor; but Haight was a muscular man, and, driven to desperation, he struggled fiercely. He threw Davis from him, and, although wounded, contrived to get to his feet and grasp the iron poker. This, however, offered but slight resistance to the maniac. Regardless of blows he dashed in upon the lawyer, and drove the knife to the hilt in his heart.

In the morning when the officers of the law, accompanied by George Crawford, entered the lawyer's office to arrest him, they saw a fearful sight. On the floor in front of them, stone dead, was Haight; and, crouching at his side, like a wild beast, was an object which seemed scarcely human; it was the maniac murderer, Bill Davis.

There was now no need of a legal controversy about the will. A higher Power than any human tribunal had settled the matter. Jacob Osdell's property went at last to the man to whom he had willed it on that bright June day, ten years ago.

THE ORDEAL OF LOVE.

"Engaged to him?" cried Aunt Meredith. "You don't tell me so! Why, it's very sudden, or else you are very sly, Lily Perry."

"Auntie," cried Lily, "when people love each other I don't suppose they are long about it. I shouldn't expect much happiness in a man who was three or four years making up his mind to marry me, and offered himself at last perhaps because some other woman wouldn't have him. I might like him ever so much, but I should never feel assured of his love. Ned says the moment he set eyes upon me he knew I was meant for him."

"I know they say it's the right way," said Aunt Meredith. "I never was married, and I'm sure I don't feel that I am an authority in such matters. It's a pretty sort of belief, anyhow; a very pretty one. I hope it's the right one, I'm sure. Well, he's a handsome young man, very handsome."

"Oh, isn't he?" cried Lily. "So unlike the common run of men! so everything that is aristocratic, dear fellow! Oh!"

"And I am quite left out in the matter, I presume," said Aunt Meredith.

"Ah, no, auntie dear," said Lily. "Ned is coming to ask you for me to-night."

"And how about James Roberts?" asked Auntie.

"Well," said Lily, "James deserves it if he does like me. He's been trying to find out whether I suit him for two years, and expects me to courtesy and say 'Yes, sir; thank you,' whenever he chooses to propose. I declare if I hadn't admired Ned as I do, I'd have accepted him just to show James I'm not waiting for him," and Lily tossed her head disdainfully.

"Well, I like poor James," sighed Aunt Meredith. "He's respectful to old folks. But, however, you are to choose according to your own taste, not to mine, and I hope you'll be very happy; and let the young man come to-morrow evening if he chooses."

And Lily, all in a flutter, ran away to dream over her new-born happiness.

Edward Lawton called that evening, and Lily, having ushered him into her aunt's presence, was going to run away; but the old lady called her back.

"We are going to talk about you, dear," she said, "and I'd rather you should stay. Mr. Lawton, I suppose I had better relieve you at once. You want to marry my niece?"

"Madam," began Ned, "I—I—"

"I know," said the old lady. "Well, you seem to be an agreeable sort of young man, and

not bad-looking, and you come of a good family; but what are your pecuniary prospects?"

"Oh, aunt!" cried Lily. "How can you?"

"Mr. Lawton knows these questions are necessary," said aunt Meredith.

"Indeed, yes," said Ned Lawton. "I have a salary of a hundred and fifty a year, and expectations from my grandfather."

"Expectations are poor things to live on," said Mrs. Meredith. "Can you support a household on your salary?"

"I hope so," said Ned; "but grandpa is old, and—"

"No matter about grandpa," said Mrs. Meredith. "Of course you've heard the fact that Lilian's grandparents left her a large sum of money, and that I am a rich woman, and have no relatives?"

"I may have heard some stories of the kind," said Ned; "but I never believe such things. They are often without foundation."

"Ah, dear!" said Mrs. Meredith. "Well, it was true; but I'm glad you're so sensible a young man, for it's true no longer. Lily and I had both invested our money in an enterprise which at length has ended most disastrously. I've kept the bad news from Lily, but we're utter beggars, and shall have to move into a couple of rooms take in sewing or something for a living. I'm glad Lily has found a loving husband to watch over her. As for me, it doesn't matter; I'm old, and shall die soon, and my friends will do something for me no doubt, if I come to starving. Bless you, dears, be happy!" and Mrs. Meredith put her handkerchief to her eyes and left the room sobbing.

"Poor auntie!" said Lily; "we'll take care of her, won't we, Ned? We don't care for money, do we, Ned?"

"Ob, no," said Ned; but his tone was doubtful, and he was very quiet and very grave, and took his leave in a short time, with fewer protestations of affection than are usual on such an occasion.

It was well for Lily that she did not know that outside the door he clenched his fist and muttered:

"What the deuce was I in such a hurry for? How shall I get out of this fix?"

Poor Lily!

Aunt Meredith had said no more than the truth. Lily could not understand how it had happened, but in less than a week they moved into two plain rooms in a very mean little house, and though they did not take in sewing for a living, everything was greatly altered.

Lily had thought she would not mind much, but she felt it worse than she thought she should. Besides, the bliss that she had always fancied an engagement would bring was not hers. Ned called but seldom, was cold in his manner when he came and pleaded business engagements, which Lily could not help believing were imaginary, as excuses for his neglect of all those little usual attentions which girls expect.

Sadly the poor little soul sat in her tiny bedroom after she had pretended to retire for the night, and realized the fact that her lover was no lover after all. Indeed it was scarcely a surprise to her when one day a letter came bearing his monogram, in which he asked for a release from his engagement.

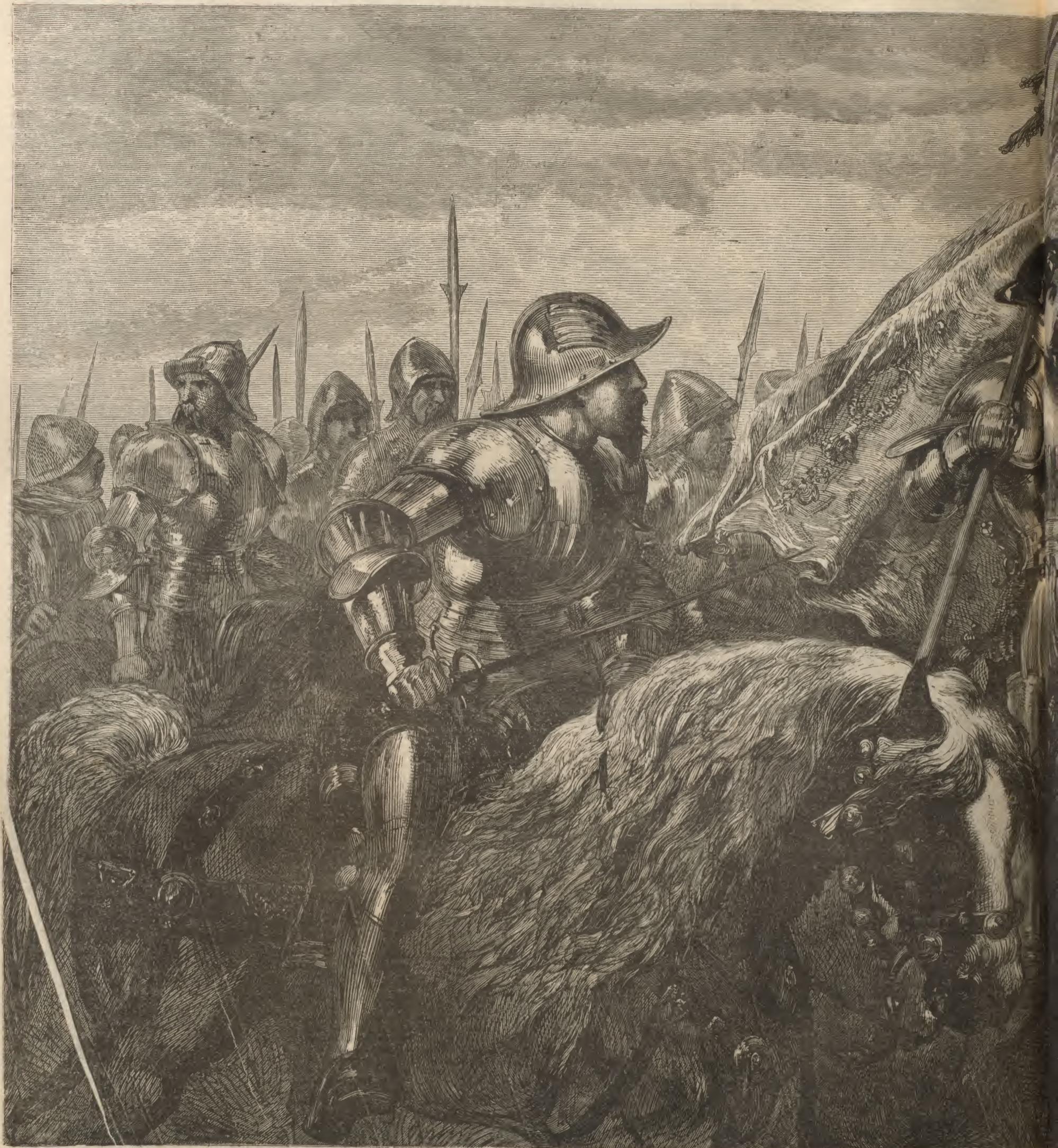
"We have both made a mistake," he wrote.

And she wrote back:

"Thank Heaven we have found it out in time!"

But such words only sustained her pride, her heart ached all the same.

Meanwhile James Roberts had



“KNIGHTS GOING



TO BATTLE."

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THE FAVORITE

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1874.

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Letters requiring a private answer should always contain a stamp for return postage.

No notice will be taken of contributions unaccompanied by the name and address of the writer (not necessarily for publication,) and the Editor will not be responsible for their safe keeping.

TROUBLE.

That "man is born to trouble," is a fact continually and physically expressed, from the first shrill cry in our swaddling clothes, to the last breath heaved at the gate of eternity. Setting this down as a leading and unalterable principle, of the human destiny, it seems but wise to meet the trials and crosses of every-day life with something like cheerful resignation, and blunt the sting of that very "busy bee," Trouble, by "making the best of it." Vainly do we grumble and repine at the innumerable incidents which occur to mar our wishes and derange our comforts. Weak and childish is the everlasting murmur on the lips of those who appear to be determined to be as unhappy as they can; for the indulgence of a rebellious and ungracious spirit only fixes vexation deeper, and makes the whole aspect of life gloomy and distorted.

All philosophers, in all ages, have asserted and proved that our great sum of happiness is composed of small social items; yet how strangely is this forgotten in the jostling, jarring, selfish conduct developed in simple instances of hourly exhibition! Strong heads and fine heart will suffer themselves to be chafed into feverish excitement, or depressed into cold sullenness, by events and positions alike trivial and unimportant. The principle of natural benevolence, and the qualification of cultivated reason, are generally unemployed where they would be of the greatest service. They should operate on the jagged and minute angles of domestic circumstances, as light and science on the broken and sharp-edged bits of glass in a kaleidoscope; and the very material which too often only supplies matter for anger and discontent, would, if treated philosophically, be often converted into a medium of pleasure. The universal plague—Trouble—take what shape it may, has no more efficient antidote than a resolution to "make the best of it;" yet how we fail to apply the practice to the theory!

Who has entered an omnibus as the twelfth passenger, and not found himself the "despised and rejected of all?" — treading on toes that pertinaciously refuse to accede an inch of thoroughfare—falling on shoulders that preserve as broad a character as possible, lest the luckless intruder should endeavor to penetrate beside them, and encountering a general expression of eyes which may be construed into anything but the word "welcome." Has he not been compelled to struggle into some homeopathic space, and sit pinched and perpendicular as if in a

strait-waistcoat, much to his own discomfort and that of his immediate neighbors? Most of the passengers have distinct and elevated ideas of their own convenience, and deem it unbearable to exist in a crowded vehicle. They condescend to avail themselves of the cheap public conveyance, but they are annoyed at the pressure and indiscriminate order of company attached to such travelling, and think themselves personally wronged by a temporary infringement on their perfect luxury. Now, a little mutual civility and sense of justice would annihilate the derelictions from good nature and good breeding so often observed. We admit that omnibus travelling is not surrounded with charms for those who possess refined and aristocratic notions of transit. Six feet of "gentlemanly proportions," and as many yards of lady-like folds of satin, require more room for ease and display than can be afforded by the huge locomotive; yet why not accept the accommodation kindly and fairly, and render Trouble less by "making the best of it."

Who has looked on at a "friendly game of whist," and not had frequent opportunity for pitying the folly and passions of one or two of its constituents? Who would fancy "amusement" is the avowed purpose, as the fierce rebuke or scowling glance is levelled at some unhappy victim who trumps with indiscretion, revokes in ignorance, or leads a wrong suit? The real and ultimate importance of the occupation is merged in good-fellowship, and a furtherance of the purposes of civilised society; but, alas! many a disunion of well-intentioned minds has followed "a friendly game at cards," many a listening ear has been offended by intemperate language uttered in the heat of temper, and many a family circle disturbed by those who have neither sense nor feeling sufficient to take a "bad hand" or a "bad partner," and "make the best of it."

Some of what are called the usages of society are irksome to many of us; but it will not do to condemn them. So long as they do not require of us any sacrifice of principle, it is better to conform. There can be no harm in masking mortification with a smile, in withholding the expression of our opinions and sentiments when their utterance can do no good, in evading questions which it is against our interest to answer directly, or in being polite to people whom we cannot esteem. Candor is a virtue; but it is not advisable to wear one's heart on one's sleeve in society. The rule laid down by Pascal, one of the purest of men and most rigid of moralists, is a good one: "It is not a condition," says that excellent man, "that we state only what is the truth; we are bound also not, at all times, to say all that is true; because we ought only to give publicity to things that may serve a useful purpose, and not to such as may cause pain to individuals without conducing to general utility." Oh, that all gossiping busy-bodies would give heed to this sage advice—this sound, Christian logic!

SYMBOLS OF THOUGHT.

As the ocean reflects the heaven, so the material shadows the spiritual. There is a mysterious sympathy between the soul of man and the external world. It is more than a sensuous pleasure that we experience when we gaze on the beetling cliff, or the midnight sky, or stand before the St. Cecilia of Raphael; when we listen to the song of the birds, the distant chime of evening bells, or the melodies of Mozart. As the poet has said, "The meanest flower that blows may stir thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Whether we are moving in the region of nature, which is the region of God's wonders, or in the region of art, which is the region of man's wonders, we observe that each is a transcript of the author's mind. Nature is an open volume, in which are written the great thoughts of God: art, the medium through which is feebly expressed the great conceptions which enter the mind of man. Leaving the former, let us look more closely into the latter.

Soul can speak to soul in various ways; by the glowing canvas and the sculptured rock; by a glance, a smile, a tear; by that action in which conception becomes far more than airy thought.

Yet of all these modes of expression language is at once the noblest and most ethereal. The immediate connexion between thought and language we cannot perhaps understand until we cease to "know in part," and come to know "even as we are known." All that we now seem able to learn is this: The indwelling spirit looks out upon the external world, and working upon the impression it thence receives, by some hidden process lays hold of language as its medium of communication, and sound and word carries the now embodied thought back to the outward world.

Language, then, is not simply the means of communication between man and man; it is the articulate expression of the spirit's inner life; the last and finest result of mental effort; the truest index of individual and national character; the faithful source of information when all the springs have failed; the noblest embodiment of the human soul; the music in which that soul warbles forth the gathered harmonies of the surrounding universe. As the pale and modest moon—the throne of the poet, and an object of admiration to all—dallying with the rippled clouds, and coqueting with the stars, bathes the night in a mellow radiance, which is but the reflection of another's light,—so language is the humble medium through which is

expressed the poetic and moral thoughts, the lofty and sublime conceptions, which are the offspring and glory of the soul!

After language, thought is more aptly expressed in painting. Obedient to the touch of the skilful painter's brush, the canvas glows forth with the sublime ideals that exist within his mind, and his lofty thoughts are gifted with a still and silent immortality. As we look upon some pictures, there seems to gradually dawn upon us the whole modulated beauty of a poem, written not in alphabetical characters, but in soft, sweet, variegated light. We prize the picture just as we should the book, which, by means of types arranged by some nameless printer, transmits to us the thoughts of a Milton or a Luther; so deep, so pure is the pleasure it imparts, so beautiful, so sweetly attractive, so endless the imaginings it invokes, so thickly crowded, so noble, so natural the thoughts and associations it suggests!

In the realm of architecture and sculpture, also, we find grand embodiments of the thoughts and ideals existing in the mind of man. If we go to the shores of aged and plundered Greece, although we find but the remnant of a former exuberant wealth in glory and art, that has escaped the destroying hand of time and the invasions of barbarians, yet there is enough, and that in a sufficient state of preservation, to indicate the essential characteristics. In each work of art found there, there is embodied some thought, set as a jewel in a precious casket. The Greek was eminently successful, because every form born and shaped from the material was the image of some animating idea, the symbol of some thought. All their works were conceived in the love for ideas, and in a profound impulse of nature, regulated by the severity of law, and lovingly nurtured by the outward life. The effects of these works correspond with their origin. The moral dignity and grace which passed over from the soul of the artist into his work, communicates itself to the beholder; and the devotional feeling in which the work was conceived affords a key to the great truths which these works of art so aptly symbolize.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR MAY.

The frontispiece of *St. Nicholas* for May is a very large and remarkably fine engraving illustrating a passage in Goethe's Poem, "Johanna Sebus." Indeed, this number contains many engravings of unusual excellence: Miss Hallock has two, one of which is a specimen of her very best work on wood; Miss Ledyard has two; Eytinge and Sheppard each has a capital piece of character drawing; there is a beautiful little thing copied from Michelet, and a picture from one of Henschell's graceful and dainty sketches. There is even a drawing from a native Japanese artist. The literary contents this month alternate very fairly between the practical and the imaginative. There is an article on the "Origin of Blind Man's Buff;" one on the workings and wonders of the Telegraph; a paper by the late N. S. Dodge, on "Auctions All Over the World;" "Christmas City," a capital description of a toy-town which can be built by any smart boy; an account of the origin of the story of Blue Beard; a true story from Holstein, of a missionary stork, and an article with illustrations descriptive of "Haydn's Children's Symphony." As to fiction, there are the three serial stories by Trowbridge, Stockton and Olive Thorne, all full of interest this month; a story of Greenland, with an adventure with polar bears; a delightful little home-story called *Miss Fanshaw's Tea-Party*; a Japanese Fairy tale, and "The Jiminyjohns' Sailor-Suits," one of Mrs. Diaz' popular sketches. "How Persimmons Took Cah ob Der Baby," by Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney, is a most delightful piece of southern dialect poetry, and with its capital illustrations, is sure to be popular with old and young. "In the Wood" is a sweet little poem with a sweet little picture. The Departments are all good as usual, especially *Jack-in-the-Pulpit*, in which there is a pre-eminently funny story of a low-spirited turtle. The Riddle Box contains one of the best puzzles of the day, an every-day song, written in the "Language of the Restless Imps."

WHAT WILL YOU TAKE FOR YOURSELF?

It is said that every man has his price; young man, have yours? Will anything at all buy you? Will you even sell yourself by a little deceit, a little falsehood, by evading the truth to gain somebody's favor, to raise you in somebody's opinion, or to accomplish some desired end? Will you even so far forget yourself, your friends, your position in society, your best interests, as to thus sell yourself for the favor of another?

Doubtless, you now spurn the thought, and yet have you not often done so? Be careful, be honest in reply. Answer only as the little voice within prompts. Remember that it is of daily occurrence with mankind. Others, who think they are just as good, just as strong in character, who value themselves just as highly as you, are daily selling themselves.

Will you prove yourself a man, and talk, and act, and live like a man? Will you even countenance by your approval, by your influence, by your patronage, that which in your heart you know to be wrong, for fear of giving offence, for fear of losing somebody's favor, or subjecting yourself to somebody's cutting jest? If sur-

sounded by the jovial associates of former days where the convivial bottle is freely passed, and you are urged to partake of an *extra* glass, can you, even if there be none present to expose you to those whom you know think better things of you, say "No?" Can you, everywhere, under all circumstances of temptation, say "No?" If you can, then indeed do you possess true nobility of soul; then indeed may your friends safely lean upon you, and feel proud of you.

Even those whose solicitations to evil you have refused to accept, will respect and love you more because you are proving yourself a man. They who sustain such a character are building upon a rock, and will find themselves surrounded by friends comprising the best and noblest of mankind. All love you because they know they can trust you. Let your price be above earthly treasures or temptations, and you will thus gain not only nobility of character and soul, but the respect and love of all the pure and good.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

"KNIGHTS GOING TO BATTLE."

In the picture by Sir John Gilbert, A.R.A., we see the chivalrous van-leaders of a medieval army, such as is described in some of the historical romances of Sir Walter Scott—

With all their banners bravely spread,
And all their armor flashing high.

A very brilliant and lively spectacle, no doubt, of the "pomp and circumstance" of old-fashioned warfare! The young Prince or Lord who commands this party, choosing himself to bear the standard as he approaches the ranks of his foemen, has disdained the usual protection of the steel casque or morion, such as is worn by his comrades riding on each side. His head is covered with a simple velvet cap; but, with this exception, he is clad in a complete suit of plate armor, and is no doubt quite ready to take in hand either lance, or mace or battle-axe, or sword, for the actual combat now about to begin. The horses, we should think, are likely to suffer worse than the Knights in the coming fray; but when a fully armored cavalier was once dismounted he could not be expected to fight with much agility on foot. His victorious antagonist, on the other hand, might find it more difficult to pierce him in a vital part of the body than the Roman gladiator when a prostrate competitor in the arena was condemned to death. For this reason, to save time and trouble in the field, and to make a certain pecuniary gain of the achievements of martial prowess, it was customary to admit each overthrown and captive knight to ransom. As for the poor unarmored yeomen and peasants, who carried their spears, bills, and bows in the train of these gallant gentlemen, they were left to the common chances of slaughter. It was just the same, as we learn from Homer's *Iliad*, with the Greek and Trojan soldiery following those aristocratic heroes of antiquity who wore brazen armor like that of Sir. Walter's English and Scottish knights.

NEWS NOTES.

The vote reached in the Presbyterian Council engaged in the *Swing* heresy trial, resulted in a triumphant vindication of the accused. The vote stood 15 for to 45 against conviction. The friends of Professor *Swing* are jubilant.

Severe skirmishes between the Republicans and Carlists have occurred in the neighborhood of Bilbao. The Carlists attacked and were repulsed with heavy loss. Thirty Carlists were captured. The Republicans lost 100 killed and wounded.

The following is an extract from a private letter from the Mayor of New Orleans: "Unless resources for relief be increased in some way to \$100,000, many thousands must perish by famine; even that will not be more than suffice to save lives till the flood subsides, and over-flowed lands are again tillable."

The Committee on Ways and Means at Washington by a vote of 8 against 2, have expressed themselves opposed to the restoration of 10 per cent being taken off the rate of duty on certain articles in the second section of the Tariff Act of June 6, 1872. The restoration of 10 per cent would increase the revenue about eight millions annually.

At the examination of the breach of the reservoir, at Northampton by the Legislative Committee, it was proven that the work had not been done according to the specifications, as the foundations had not been built four feet below the bottom of the reservoir, as specified, and the result was that the water worked through the earth under the foundations and gradually caused the breach. The embankment, also, of the wall proves to be forty feet narrower than the contract specified.

Hon. Henry Page, State Treasurer of Arkansas, has resigned. Both branches of the Legislature passed a joint resolution appointing a committee to investigate the conduct of Senators Clayton and Dorsay and representatives in Congress in attempting to overthrow the State Government. Commissioners were appointed to supervise and control the ensuing election for delegates to the constitutional convention. A bill of pardon and amnesty to those engaged in the late insurrection has been introduced in the House.

FORECASTING.

How shall I know that all these protestations,
Falling so sweetly on my woman's heart,
Are not the self-same, well worn declarations
That thou hast studied as a lover's part?
Men are so generous, giving affluent measure.
Deluded and deceived we oft may be,
What is my safety 'gainst severe displeasure?
"Thy faith in me!"

Love fears to trust when once its faith is
shaken

In hearts that bend as willows over streams,
And, lulled to sleep, is fearful to awaken
To something less delightful than its dreams.
What will sustain thee while I keep austerely
My solemn vigil, till, from doubt set free,
My heart the one dear face reflects more
clearly?

"My faith in thee!"

But when in bonds of love and faith united,
We shall not always sail on peaceful seas,
Nor always find our common pathway lighted
To guide our footsteps through life's myster-

ies—
For even hearts that have no thought of trea-
son,

Wayward and foolish, and obscure may be—
What would prevent thy doubts at such a sea-
son?

"My love for thee!"

Thou knowest the singing-bird at times grows
weary

Of even the sweet protection of her nest,
And longs to fly away toward heights more
eerie,

In fresher founts of joy to bathe her breast.
What will subdue this strange and eager yearn-
ing?

"Thy love for me!"

LOVE AND PRIDE.

The last lingering rays of the setting sun
were visible when Herbert Moncure descended
the steps of a noble-looking mansion, and
wended his way towards his club.

Rarely does the eye rest on a figure more pre-
possessing. It was one which, even in a crowd,
would scarcely pass unnoticed. Yet, while his
face was "very handsome" to the casual
observer, a physiognomist would have read the
features with considerable doubt as to the firm
character of the man.

"Moncure! The very man I wish to see!"
exclaimed a dandified fashionable, placing his
hand on the shoulder of our hero. "Of course
you attend the Henleys' to-night, as the escort
of la belle St. Clair? By the way, how are you
progressing in that quarter? Do you know that
your name is linked with hers everywhere, and
your marriage spoken of as a certainty?"

"Yes, Charlie, I know it, and I almost wish it
could be true, for she is a grand creature. But,
as I told you, if I do take upon myself the
bonds of matrimony, I must win a fortune in
figures as well as in beauty. Madame Moncure
must have sufficient means to meet her own
expenses, as, with my habits (and I do not care
enough for any human being to change them),
I have nothing to spare; and as to going to
work, either mentally or physically, that is a
thought too abominable to be entertained for a
moment. Now you have the whole matter in a
nutshell. Miss St. Clair has had every advantage
that wealth can give, but she is only a niece of the
old gentlemen, who, for fear of Mrs. Grundy, has
given her all these advantages. In my opinion,
his interest will cease with her marriage, his
own children bearing off all of the property.
But here we are at the club; let's go in and
get a glass of sherry before we prepare for the
ball."

That night, as usual, Moncure was a worshipper
at the shrine of Miss St. Clair, who left the
ball-room, where her beauty entitled her to
rank as belle, giddy with delight.

The next morning, while the beautiful girl
was trying to do justice to the steaming chocolate,
French rolls and tempting viands that
Celeste had brought to her, she received a
message from her uncle, Mr. St. Clair, asking her
to come to the library. She languidly
descended the stairs, wondering what her uncle
wished to see her about at that unusual hour.

The library, a large apartment containing six
windows reaching to the floor, was carpeted with
velvet, combining colours rich and warm; the
east end of the room was filled with shelves
loaded with their wealth of ancient and modern
lore—poetry, sentiment, wit, and grave wisdom;
works to suit every taste might be found beneath
the heavy folds of damask which, falling from
the ceiling, partially concealed them; damask
also shaded the windows.

By a glowing grate, in a velvet-covered chair,
sat Mr. St. Clair, who, having just dismissed the
prim housekeeper, was now the only occupant
of the room. His countenance was grave, almost
stern, when in repose; but, the smile with
which he welcomed the entrance of his niece
proved that beneath the cold exterior there was
a heart generous and kind.

With the ready politeness of the true gentle-
man, he arose to place a chair beside his own

for her; then with one arm thrown across the
back of it said:

"I am sorry to distress you this morning, my
dear, for I know that you are weary; but Dr.
Lacy is so peremptory in his commands that I
feel it a duty to obey. You know that for some
time I have feared the disease which is hereditary
in my family; yesterday, feeling worse
than usual, I sent for the doctor and submitted
my lungs to a thorough examination. He says
that as yet my affection is only bronchial
attended by nervous prostration; that an entire
change of scene, and constant travelling for six
months or a year, are my only hope. I wished
to know whether you would be willing to accom-
pany me, for of course it would add much to my
enjoyment to have you do so, and it would
afford you pleasure to visit the childhood's home
of your mother and myself. But perhaps the
ties you have recently formed would render a
long absence painful; if so, do not go."

For a moment the long, dark lashes swept the
pale cheek, a shade of thoughtfulness rested
upon the fair brow, and, in a clear, sweet voice,
she replied:

"Thank you, dear uncle, I shall be delighted
to go. When do your start?"

"On Thursday, this is Tuesday. I am very glad,
my dear child, that you are willing to accom-
pany me; but what will Herbert say?"

Again the fair brow was shadowed, and the
tone in reply very sad.

"I deserve no praise for my compliance with
your wishes. The 'tour' has been my ambition
from early girlhood; and then it is ever a happiness
to be with you, my guardian. Besides, I am
anxious to test the constancy of Mr. Moncure.
It palms me to acknowledge it, but at times I
cannot feel satisfied in reference to his firmness
of character."

"I, too, have had fears, having heard through
undoubted authority that he vows that he must
marry an heiress, if he marries at all. We will
try the test; it can do no harm, and in the
meantime we will keep secret the fact that I
have made my will largely in your favor."

The news that Miss St. Clair contemplated a
prolonged trip was telegraphed among her "five
hundred friends," and, on Wednesday evening,
her room echoed on every side with words of
kind wishes and farewells.

Among the last to leave was Florence Randolph,
Maude's most cherished friend. A moment
of utter silence, hand clasped in hand, and then
they parted—to meet, when again?

Herbert Moncure lingered for a few last
words,

"Maude, must you go?" he asked, as he drew
her to a crimson divan.

"Yes; uncle has been a father to me, and I
cannot let him go alone; and, besides, it will
give me sad pleasure to visit the childhood's home
of my angel mother."

"Not even to detain you by my side would I
be willing to deprive you of this sweet privilege.
Maude, my darling, is this not another link in
the golden chain of love which binds us together?
It has been the sad fate of each of us never to
have known the tender care of a mother. Had
my mother's gentle hand guided me through
youth, as a man I might have been far different.
To you I would fain commit the task. Every
tone, word and glance of mine must betray my
devotion to you. Can you trust me sufficiently
to promise that when you return you will give
your happiness into my keeping?"

The promise was given, and the next morning
Maude bade adieu to her betrothed without
one doubt as to his constancy.

• • •

MY DEAR FLORENCE,

I can scarcely realize that two months have
like an echo, gone, since I felt the warm pres-
sure of your hand at parting. Would that you
were here, that this stupid pen and paper
might be thrown aside, and, as in days of lang
syne, when careless school-girls, we might talk
of the beauties around us—beauties far beyond
any language of mine to describe, for we are
now gazing upon the sunny skies, inhaling the
balmy breezes of fair Italia. Do you remember
how much we used to talk of this brilliant clime,
and what pictures our fancy drew of the life we
would lead here?

"The reality has been very different to me.
Dear uncle is very feeble. It seems to me such a
mistaken idea to send invalids far away from
home and kindred in search of strength; at
least, when one is advanced in life, and can
take but little interest in the pleasures of the
hour. Uncle is very patient, but quiet to de-
spondency, and now his cough is almost con-
stant. I hear him calling me now; so, dear
Florence, good-bye. These good-byes are sad,
whether written or spoken.

"Please write soon to one who needs love and
sympathy.

MAUDE.

As soon as Florence finished reading Maude's
letter she handed it to her mother, a gentle,
blue-eyed matron, begging her to read it at
once, as she had a question to ask her.

"Well, my daughter, what is it? You look as
if it were a matter of vast importance."

"And it is, mother. I am much perplexed to
know how to act. You know that Maude and
Mr. Moncure are engaged, and yet his recent
devotion to that dowdy Miss Brown is a com-
mon topic; now, ought I to tell Maude?"

"I can see no doubt in the matter. It is a
positive duty that you owe to your friend.
While I make some calls you will be alone, and
can write until Dr. Lacy makes his appearance."

A rosy flush suffused the fair brow at men-
tion of this name, and a sweet smile wreathing
the ruby lips gave token that no unpleasant feeling
caused the emotion.

Scarcely had Mrs. Randolph left the house
when a ring of the door-bell was followed by the
entrance of the doctor.

"Always welcome, doctor," said Florence,
"but more than usually so this morning. Do
you agree with mother in thinking it my duty
to tell Maude of the questionable manner in
which Mr. Moncure is acting?"

"She should certainly be informed, Miss Flo-
rence, yet I dread the effect on her. She has
decided symptoms of heart-disease, and any
shock may prove fatal; still, she must know it
some time, and I am sure that you will be as
gentle as possible."

• • •

"Stella, I do not believe one word of it! Her-
bert Moncure has no more idea of marrying you
than he has of flying to Italy, nor half so
much, for his idol is there. Look in the glass
and give your vanity a toss down stairs, for be-
lieve me, the man who once admired Maude St.
Clair would never turn to look at you."

"I know that he doesn't love me, but he
did ask me to marry him," said the charming
Stella Brown. "I like Tom Smith a great deal
the most, but I told Mr. Moncure yes, just to
spite Maude. I've never forgiven her haughty
airs at school."

"Airs or not, she is a splendid woman. But do
as you please; I will not interfere," said the
affectionate brother, slamming the door and
banging the gate, as was his usual mode of exit
when leaving home.

DEAR FLORENCE.—

"Your letter, so fraught with interest to me,
has just been read; and, while I would thank
you for the spirit of love and friendship which
guided your pen in writing, my heart-depths
echo no responsive strain of sadness to its con-
tents."

"The cup of sorrow that my lips are now
draining is all too full to admit a thought of
further joy or grief. He to whom from almost
babyness I have turned for sympathy and pro-
tection, to whom I have given the love of a
child because he was to me all that a parent
could be, he, too, is to be taken from me, and then—oh,
I cannot, cannot endure the future!"

"Do not interrupt me," she continued, "until
you fully understand my ideas on this subject.
The man I marry must be as firm as adamant
in the right, with energy and perseverance that
will contend with and conquer difficulties; turn-
ing neither to the right nor to the left when the
path of duty has been decided upon. I acknow-
ledge that I love you, Herbert, and to you as to a
brother I will ever turn for counsel and sym-
pathy; but my mind would never yield to yours;
hence, I could never be your wife."

He saw that all words were useless then, but
mentally resolving that she should yield he
bowed respectfully, almost humbly, as if in com-
pliance with her wishes, and the next moment
she was alone.

An hour later the old housekeeper, who still
held her position, was startled out of her usual
primness by finding Maude upon the library
floor, one hand clasped to her heart, and entire-
ly unconscious. Dr. Lacy speedily obeyed the
hasty summons, succeeded in reviving his pa-
tient, administered a soothing mixture which
produced a sweet, natural sleep, then, enjoying
perfect quiet, he left her, directing his steps toward
Mr. Randolph's.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Florence
as she saw his grave face.

"I have just come from Maude, who is very
ill. Will you go to her? Much depends on
cheerful society and freedom from all excite-
ment. In a quiet, uneventful life she may linger
for years; but any shock will in all probability
prove fatal."

In a few weeks Maude's health seemed en-
tirely restored. If she suffered, no one knew
it, for she never complained, and her spirits, if
less gay, were more evenly cheerful. It less
admired in the circle which had claimed her
for its leader, she was more beloved.

Herbert Moncure attended her everywhere
and no one credited the rumor that she had
discarded him, nor did she believe that she would
remain firm in her resolution.

Again the tiny silver bell summoned "Ces-
telle" toarry her mistress for the festive scene
—the marriage of her friends, Florence and Dr.
Lacy. In consideration of her mourning, Maude
had chosen a dress of plain white, with no or-
nament except the favorite Jasmine which she
invariably wore.

Herbert was her escort, and, as they passed
among the guests, many predicted that they
would soon follow the example of the doctor
and Florence Randolph.

"Shall we, Maude?" asked Herbert, in a low
tone as he caught one of these whispers.

Her cheek rivalled her dress in whiteness as
she replied:

"Never! You have your answer at once and
for ever!"

Another moment, and but for his protecting
arm she would have fallen. He bore her
through the crowd to the verandah, where the
cool night breeze might fan her pallid brow.
Gradually and quietly the people who, a few
moments since, had been so gay, stole a glance
at the unconscious form, bade adieu to their
hosts, and wended their way homeward, to
wonder, pity or blame, as the disposition or mood
prompted.

Dr. Lacy had called to other physicians,
and all that the profession could do had been
done, but as yet without effect. Maude gave
no visible sign of life save an occasional spas-
modic breath.

Two hours passed thus in intense anxiety to
the watchers: then the long, drooping lashes
trembled, and the large dark eyes, so beautiful
even now, unclosed and turned toward Herbert,
who had not left her for an instant. He bent
low to catch the words that she seemed to
breathe rather than utter.

"It was pride—I loved—you all the—while—
my darling." And, with this word upon her
lips, she died.

heiress you had abandoned her. This letter,
addressed to your most intimate friend, Mr.
Gray, making the same assertion, seemed to
leave no room for a doubt. Now, dear Herbert,
tell me with your own lips that those reports
originated with our enemies, and had no foun-
dation, and I promise to doubt no more."

"It is the work of an enemy, but with truth
to back it!" exclaimed a shrill female voice.

"Miss Brown!" said Maude and Herbert in
a breath.

"Yes, Miss Brown," repeated the intruder.
"Miss Brown, who came to interrupt this pretty
love scene." Then, turning to Maude, she said:

"I expected to find you alone, and I took the li-
brary of coming up; hearing the voice of this
gentleman, I listened to hear what he had to
say for himself." Then to him: "Did you have
the face to deny being the author of that letter,
which you dropped in my parlor, or that you
asked me to be your wife?"

Maude listened eagerly for the reply which
came not. The man was compelled to acknow-
ledge his guilt, and Miss Brown was satisfied.
Her mean, petty attempt at revenge had so far
succeeded, and, which a triumphant sneer, she
bade them "good morning."

The silence which followed her departure was
broken by Herbert. He said that with all truth
he could assert that Maude alone had won his
love; that her affection was more to him
than the wealth of the Indies; that this very
devotion made him hesitate to place her in a
position different from the one in which she had
been educated.

The tone which answered his appeal had
naught in it of scorn or anger. Maude said that
she pitied more than blamed; that whatever
he had been, she believed him to be sincere
now; but her trust in his firmness was shaken,
and they could only be friends in the future.

"Do not interrupt me," she continued, "until
you fully understand my ideas on this subject.
The man I marry must be as firm as adamant
in the right, with energy and perseverance that
will contend with and conquer difficulties; turn-
ing neither to the right nor to the left when the
path of duty has been decided upon. I acknow-
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floor, one hand clasped to her heart, and entire-
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hasty summons, succeeded in reviving his pa-
tient, administered a soothing mixture which
produced a sweet, natural sleep, then, enjoying
perfect quiet, he left her, directing his steps toward
Mr. Randolph's.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Florence
as she saw his grave face.

A LETTER NEVER SENT.

Words cannot tell how beautiful a thing
 Thy love first seemed unto this heart of
 mine;
And even now my memory will cling
 To that which made those far-off days divine.
As lightning smites the branches of a tree,
 Rending the boughs asunder with its might;
So did thy marvellous love smite happy me,
 Till I grew dazzled with the wondrous light.

I feel the magic of thy dalliance yet,
 In dreams I see the face men called not fair;
The love that can do all things save "forget,"
 Counts that face fairest and without compare.

Sometimes I think thy love lived but a day,
 Sometimes I think thy heart must still be
 mine;

Sometimes I try to lift my soul and pray
 That all this sorrow may be mine not thine.

Sometimes I wonder if thy spirit turns
 Back to the glorious days that lie behind;
Then, if thy heart, like mine, with longing
 Yearns

To feel the fetters love alone could bind?

Or is the past within oblivion hid,
 Only in future years again to wake;
And thou repent of all—nay, Heaven forbid,
 For both our hearts would absolutely break!

UNDER A SPELL.

"No," she said, as we sat on the terrace of
the watering-place hotel.

"No, I'm not French; I'm English, and, ah! how I do long for home. I've been here three years, and I don't know a soul intimately. I don't want to talk against your country, but socially it doesn't suit me. There's too much show and too little comfort, and all my relatives and friends are in England. I cry for home often. I know the meaning of the *mal du pays*."

She was a pretty, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired woman, probably not thirty.

I knew her to be a rich woman.

"Why did not she return to England if she desired so much to do so?" I asked myself.

She answered my unuttered question.

"You think it strange that I stay here? Do you believe in mesmerism?"

"To a certain degree," I answered.

"To a certain degree," she answered, impatiently. "I tell you it is a horrible truth! I know that one can be utterly under the power of another's will. It is not his beauty—he has none. It is not his manner, though that is charming. No; if I cannot make you believe that I am not in love with him, that I am simply mesmerised, I'll not tell you another word."

"Of course, I shall believe whatever you tell me," said I. "It is not for me to define your feelings."

She put her little white hand on my arm.

"Ah! I can tell you without any misgivings that I am doing a foolish thing," she said.

"Of course, I knew my own heart, my own principles. I come of a family, of which it is said that no man ever knew fear, no woman shame.

"But I'll tell you the truth, I loved him once. I was a young girl, and I had not come into my fortune. I had no prospect of any, or at least only a very distant one. I lived with an old aunt, who took me when my parents died.

"People used to say I was pretty. Women fade so soon, you know."

"He thought so anyhow. He was only a struggling young doctor."

"My old aunt was quite an invalid, and I was alone a great deal. He saw me oftener alone than he could have seen most English girls, and he made love to me, and he knew I loved him."

"It went on for a year, and during that time he told me of the power that he could exercise when he chose, and of how he had a servant who at his will would rise from his bed in the middle of the night, and sound asleep, to wait on him."

"When he took my hand strange thrills ran through mine, and I knew when he was coming before I heard his steps; but that was all I personally knew of him."

"Well, I liked him, and he liked me, but we had no money; and one day he married a wealthy retired grocer's daughter, with an ugly face, and a bad temper."

"Of course I felt badly, but I summoned up my courage and resolved to forget him."

"Well, perhaps one cannot quite forget, but to remember as a thing quite of the past, and I had done so, I believed, when he met me and mesmerised me."

"I had been into the heart of London on business. I had come into my fortune, through the death of a cousin younger than myself, who should have outlived me. I had been to my lawyer's in a coach, and I was just about to re-enter it, when someone said:

"Miss Grahame!"

"I turned, and he stood there—Dr. Hunt."

"Of course I was not willing he should see that I had suffered. I talked to him and asked after his wife. What he said was:

"Don't speak of her. Well or ill, she's a thorn in my side. I am wretched, Grace."

"And I answered:

"You should not speak thus of your wife, and had turned away, when he said softly:
 "Miss Grahame, will you not shake hands before we part?"

"I gave him my hand."

"He took it and pressed it, his palm to my palm, his eyes on mine the while."

"My first impression was that of the sweet thrill I used to feel when he touched me."

"Then a breath of ice-cold air seemed to creep over my hand."

"Then I found that I could not move."

"He only held my hand three minutes; then he dropped it and handed me into the coach."

"As I rode home I had the strangest feelings, the most terrible sensations."

"I was myself, yet not myself. It was horrible, yet it was delicious."

"The old cold life had gone, and something charming, though unholy, had taken its place. I knew what it all meant; he had mesmerized me."

"After that, I was very foolish—ah, very foolish!—but I could not do otherwise. He willed me to pretend to be ill and send for him."

"I did it. He willed me to meet him in odd places. I did that also. He willed me not to mind whether he kissed me or not—nay, to kiss him, and he a married man."

"And at last, one night, something drew me out of my bed and to the window—something that seemed like a hand laid on my shoulders, though I saw no one."

"I looked out into the moonlit street, and on the opposite side of the way I saw him standing, and near by was a carriage."

"Oh, Heaven, help me to remember myself! I moaned, and fell to the floor in a swoon; but for that I should not have been able to keep myself from going down to him."

"He wanted me to run away with him. He said he had never loved anyone but me. He had written that, you know."

"The next day I was quite ill, and yet I was restless. I wandered about the house, wrapped in a shawl, and at last found myself in the library."

"I had not been able to read for some time. My mind was too much upset, but as I looked over the titles of the books, that of one amongst them interested me; it was 'mesmerism.'

"I opened it. It confirmed my own experience, but there were some things also quite new to me."

"I learnt that one under the influence of a mesmeric spell had but to cross the sea to rid himself of it. Though, should he return, the power of the mesmerizer would be regained the instant he set foot upon the shore."

"I at once formed a resolution to leave the country, and take up my residence in Paris. My dear, it was like plotting against a stranger."

"Myself, my woman's pride, my conscience—all helped me; but the mesmeric power upon me forbade my movements."

"At last I took my old servant partially into my confidence, and by her help I escaped. I took passage with this poor old soul for France, and from the moment I set foot upon this shore I have been my own."

"Ah, it is delicious to be one's own. No one can tell what it is who has never lost herself. You see," she added, with a sigh, "I was not in love with him. Many waters cannot quench love, nor the seas cover it."

And Miss Grahame gathered her lace shawl about her shoulders, and then walked quietly away.

No matter what I thought.
That is not part of the story.

What I shall tell, however, is its sequel.
Two weeks from that day I found Miss Grahame sitting, oddly enough, upon the stairs, holding her head in her hand.

They were not the principal stairs of the hotel.

But they were public enough to make it impossible that she should desire to sit there.

"Are you ill, Miss Grahame?" I asked.

"Yes, I am ill," she said. "Take me to my room, for Heaven's sake!"

I took her arm, and led her through the corridor.

Once in her room, she sank into a chair.

"Lock the door, please," she said.

I did so.

"You remember what I told you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"The spell is on me again," she said. "I am impelled to go to number forty-two, second floor. I cannot keep from going there if you leave me. Twice have I been up those stairs. Will you do me a favor? Will you ask who occupies number forty-two?"

"Number forty-two is empty," I said; "it was last night."

"Ask," she pleaded again.

I rang the bell.

"Is number forty-two, second floor, still unoccupied?" I asked the waiter, who responded so the signal.

"Gentleman took it two hours ago, madame," said the waiter.

"Can you tell me who he is?"

"I'll see, madame," said the waiter.

In five minutes he returned.

"The gentleman is an English gentleman, madame—Dr. Charles Hunt."

Before the words had left his lips, Miss Grahame sank fainting into my arms.

I left her much better, but in bed.

I myself paid a chambermaid to remain with her all night, lest she should be ill again.

At eight o'clock the next morning I rang my bell.

The girl appeared.

"How is Miss Grahame?" I asked.

"Very well, I should judge, madame," said the girl, with a singular smile. "She's gone out to ride."

"To ride?"

"Yes, madame, with a gentleman—the gentleman who came last night, and took number forty-two. Dr. Hunt, I think she called him; an old friend, she said he was."

Miss Grahame never returned to the hotel, but Mrs. Doctor Hunt came back in a few weeks.

The doctor's first wife had died nearly two years before, and he had hunted Miss Grahame down and married her.

He really loved her, and she loved him, and they came back to England, and are leading a happy life.

TO LIDA.

When the roses, blowing early,
 Nod their heads before the breeze;
When the south wind, softly sighing,
 Whispers through the forest trees;
When the happy birds are singing
 Soli, of sweetest melody,
Then, ah! then, my bright-eyed darling,
 I will have sweet thoughts of thee.
Oh! how cold the moonlight seemeth,
 Hov'ring o'er the frozen snow;
Oh! how sad the wind is sighing—
 Sounding deepest notes of woe.
Whilst my heart for thee is beating,
 List I to the mournful strain,
And I hear a gentle murmur—
 Then the woeeful wind again.
Fare thee well! my heart, now aching,
 Greater pain must nerve to bear;
In the tomb I've laid my roses,
 Soon they will be withered there.
But the memory of their fragrance
 Sacred will for ever be;
And my heart will seek no friendship
 Truer than it found in thee.

KATIE'S TRIAL.

On a cold morning in November, a few years ago, a carriage drove through University Place and drew up at West Street. Nothing could be more dismal than the morning. The snow, which had been on the ground for several days, had begun to thaw, and an ugly cold rain and mist was turning the streets into pools of slush. The coachman sat on his box like a statue, with his head buried in his shoulders, and at intervals drummed with his feet, not so much to keep them warm, as to express the impatience he dared not put into words, at being kept waiting on such a morning in the cold.

There was impatience within the carriage too, as a man's handsome dark face peered out with fixed gaze on a certain point in the street. Every now and then a scowl of discontent, followed by a shuffling irritable movement on the part of the occupant of the vehicle reached the ears of the coachman, and afforded him matter for speculation. Some little scheme, he thought. But they must be very great greenhorns to select such a time for their journey. "Spose there's a woman in the case."

An hour's weary waiting was at length rewarded by the waving of a snowy-white handkerchief from a window in the neighborhood.

"Drive to No. —," said the dark young man within; "and if there be any luggage get it out quickly and quietly."

No. — was soon reached, and the door of the house opened stealthily. A fair young girl stepped out lightly, with a face upon which the smiles which she tried to wear, were plainly shadowed with fear and anxiety. She looked about sixteen; her gait and manner showed her to be a lady, and her expression and demeanor denoted child-like innocence.

In less than a minute after she had entered the vehicle it rolled off to the railway station.

"I feared our plans had been discovered, dearest," said her friend, as tremblingly, the young girl took her seat beside him.

"Oh, Roland, I feel I am doing wrong to deceive mamma so cruelly! When she came into my room last night I was half tempted to confess to her what we were going to do; and when, this morning, I felt I must say good-by to home, I could scarcely tear myself away."

"My love will shield you now, Katie. Your mother had no right to control your heart, and that is already mine. Is it not?"

"Yes; but mamma will grieve so much, and then you know how stern my step-father is. They will never forgive us."

Katie's tears were now flowing fast. She felt she had played a dangerous game. Roland interrupted her half-angrily.

"You will be my wife within an hour, Katie, and then what need you care about their forgiveness? I hate your step-father, for I know he has done his worst to deprive me of you."

A little later on, when the words which were to unite her to her lover trembled on her lips, a chilling sense of coming sorrow oppressed the young girl's heart. She would almost have wished to retract the wrong step she had taken were it not now too late. The work of retribution had already begun.

Katie Osborne was the only daughter of a weakly indulgent mother. Left a widow at an early age, Mrs. Osborne had married a wealthy but stern man, who, while he treated Katie with the greatest kindness, never count-

anced anything in her which he deemed indiscreet.

The girl's home had been a very happy one till, in an evil hour, she met Roland Baxter, a young artist, who was engaged to paint her portrait. With a recklessness which was the soul of his character he fell in love with the fair beauty he was painting, and left none of the arts of which he was master untried to secure her affections.

She had listened to his honeyed words with all the delight which a girl of sixteen feels on hearing the language of love for the first time.

In vain had her mother forbidden her to speak to Roland again. In vain had her step-father warned her that Baxter was a gambler and a man without any solid principle. None of these home reflections made the slightest impression upon the wayward girl.

Bitter indeed was the mother's grief when she found that her only child had deserted both her and home. And her indignation knew no bounds when a letter from Katie told her of her marriage. Even then she would gladly have taken Katie to her heart again. But the young bride had left for France with her husband, and did not send even a word of farewell.

In a wretchedly-furnished room of a very ordinary lodging-house in the city, a pale, anxious woman, in whom it would be difficult to recognize the once bright, merry Katie, sat at the window-pane. The rich rose-tint had faded from her cheek. Dark lines were visible round her sunken eyes—eyes which were now often red with weeping; her form, formerly slight, agile, and graceful, was now bent with care.

It was only four years from the day she had become the artist's wife. All that she had gone through in these sad, weary years, only the recording angel can tell; but in manner and physique a perfect revolution had taken place. She had become externally an entirely new being.

She sat at the window-pane, waiting with anxious, heart-sickening solicitude, for the return of her husband. The gray dawn of morning had often found him absent from home latterly, as he then was. She hoped that every sound was caused by his returning footstep; yet she dreaded his arrival. On this night the dying embers of a badly-fed fire were preparing themselves determinedly for an early dissolution, and the slender jet of gas gave a sickly tinge to the mean bedroom furniture.

she had to tell was appalling. Further, she resolved to go back with her mother, as, to all appearance, all hope of any change in Roland had to be abandoned.

A few minutes' preparations sufficed to make ready for the change. The lights were put out, and the mother and daughter, bearing the little children, took a noiseless departure.

Roland returned to find his room silent, dark, and deserted.

"Gone!" he said, "all gone! I knew it would come to this. But she shall come back. She must, or I'll know for what!" And he pulled out a revolver, and flourished it with a drunken wave of the arm.

Revolver in hand, he repaired to the house of the Sherrards, but on his way was accosted by a policeman, who considered him a fit subject for a cell in the police station, and to it he consigned him.

Roland's next move was to appeal to his wife. This he did by letter, as Mrs. Sherrard positively denied him entrance to her house. No word of reply came. Threats and bluster followed, but they were met by the sturdy mother-in-law, with a clear intimation that anything further in that line would consign him to prison.

Reckless dissipation followed, till every penny was gone. Misfortune then took Roland firm in her iron grasp, and after doggedly struggling with all the miseries involved in being homeless, returning reason suggested that it would be as well to reform and to turn over a new leaf.

The wretched artist prayed and entreated to be forgiven, and promised that his life henceforth would, as far as he could make it, atone for the past.

This time Roland kept his word. Step by step he regained the esteem and confidence of those who had trusted him in his better days. After six months of well doing he was again allowed to see his wife. Meanwhile he gradually built up a little comfortable home for her, and had the satisfaction of seeing her return to it with the blessings of her mother and the consent, though reluctantly given, of the stern Mr. Sherrard.

HER GIFT.

A cluster of flow'rs she gave me,
A dainty, fragrant bouquet,
'Twas fresh and bright when she gave it,
'Tis faded and dead to-day.
'Tis long ago since she gave it,
But still I have it, you see;
Jewels and money can't buy it,
'Tis worth all the world to me.
About it memories linger
That all may not understand;
The smile, glance of eye, and the murmur,
The clasping of hand within hand.
I sometimes find myself asking
If ever she thinks of me,
And if she says it and feels it,
"His love's all the world to me."
Of course I cannot this answer,
But something tells me, you know,
She'll not forget the words spoken
By the fountain long ago.
By the fountain of laughing waters,
As I told my tale of love,
To her, fairest of earth's fair beings,
Fair as the angels above.
Her pride and my want of riches
May bear us widely apart,
But still I feel that for ever
I'll have a place in her heart,
As the years come and pass, "His love,"
She'll not be able to say,
"Though strong and pure when he gave it,
Is faded and dead to-day."

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTERS.

"I am going to the city to work, Lizzie."
"Gay Cummings, what do you mean?"
"Just precisely what I say. I have been shut up here on this farm, with nothing decent to wear, and not a soul to speak to, until I am disgusted with everything around me."

"Nothing decent to wear, Gay? I am sure we have good, comfortable clothing; and, as for persons to speak with, I am sure that our neighbours are good, respectable people."

"Good, comfortable clothing!" retorted Gay, scornfully. "Oh, yes, if you call calico dresses for week-day use, and one black alpaca for best, "good, comfortable clothing," we certainly have. But there is no use in our quarrelling about it. George Raymond has promised me a place in a telegraph office, and I intend to go next Monday."

"Monday! and to-day is Friday; and going there dependent on George Raymond! You know very well what Harold says in regard to him."

"What business is it of Harold's, I should like to know? Why don't I tell him that he cannot associate with London girls?—and you cannot deny that Hal spent half of his time in Mabel Strong's company; and she is a London belle."

"But she is good and true, and you and I both know it. But what do we know about George Raymond? Only what Hal tells us, and he says that he is a drunkard and gambler. I shall write to him to-night."

"Do you know what George has asked me, Lizzie? He asked me to go to London as his wife. Write to Harold, if you will, but the moment I hear of it, I will marry George Raymond."

And, taking her hat, she hurried to the little rustic bridge to meet her lover.

Lizzie Cummings remained motionless where her sister left her for several moments.

Clasping her hands, she moaned—

"Oh, what shall I do? What can I do? She must not place herself in his power, and if I write to Harold, she will marry him, and that I must prevent."

And throwing herself on the lounge, she wept bitterly.

"Why, Lizzie, pet, what is the matter?"

"Harold! How you startled me. Has anything happened?"

"No; everything is all right. But something serious must have happened to cause you to weep so bitterly. What is it, little one?"

And he tenderly stroked the fair curls from the pure white brow.

"I cannot tell you, Hally dear, for it does not concern me alone. Do not ask me any more questions, please, but let me get a glass of water."

As George Raymond sauntered carelessly away from the bridge, after his interview with Gay, he was joined by a short, stout, red-faced man, with small, black eyes peering sharply from underneath shaggy eyebrows.

"Well, my hearty, how goes it?" he asked, familiarly of Raymond, striking him heavily on the shoulder.

"Better than I expected, Joe. I have her promise to marry me next Sunday morning when we reach London. But, old fellow, you will have to be the minister, or substitute one of your friends, as I have no time to look for one. You understand me?"

"Trust Joe for that. I know a fellow that would make a first-rate parson. But you are going to a sight of trouble. Why not kidnap the young chap at once?"

"For good and obvious reasons, my dear fellow. If I have the girl in my power, her brother will be far more willing to yield to my demands, and I doubt if he would give up the diamond even to save his life, for I know him well, and he is a bold, resolute fellow."

"Are you sure that he has placed the diamond in the bank?"

"Sure? Of course I am. You see, our uncle Joe Cummings left a few hundreds in cash and the diamond, that some foreigner had given him for saving his life."

"Cummings, naturally ambitious, determined to work his way with the help of his uncle's few hundreds."

"So he placed the diamond in that bank. Gay is a silly little thing, and would believe that the moon is made of green cheese, if I were to tell her so; therefore it is an easy job for you, and if you serve me well, I'll pay you well."

"Aye, aye; no fear but I'll serve you well," replied Joe.

And a sinister gleam shot from under the shaggy eyebrows.

"Sabbath day dawned bright and clear, and to Lizzie it seemed a day of happiness and peace. Hal was with them, and Gay, without doubt, had given up her silly plans, and when she entered the room where Hal and Lizzie were busily engaged in conversation, telling them she was going to church, Lizzie had no suspicion of the true state of affairs.

Gay walked rapidly a few moments, then paused and lifted her hand in silent farewell.

What a haven of rest and peace the old farmhouse seemed, as the rays of the sun lay upon it!

How beautiful the trees, with their brightly-colored leaves; and over all the quiet hush of the still air.

Gay brushed away a tear, and with a sob she could not suppress, hurried on.

She found Raymond impatiently waiting with a carriage, and having entered, they were driven to the station, and carried rapidly to the city.

They stopped at a small hotel, and Gay expressed so much surprise, that Raymond offered an explanation.

"I know this is hardly a fit place to take my bride, but I do not want your brother to find you, and he will not think of looking here."

"I do not think he would," thought poor Gay, who already wished herself at home in the cozy sitting-room, where, as she pictured to herself, her father sat dozing in the old armchair that had been his father's before him, and Hal talking with Lizzie.

After all, Hal was a dear brother, and had taken very tender care of them ever since that fatal day when their father had been found unconscious in the hay field.

"A sunstroke," the doctor had said, but from that day he had never recovered the use of his faculties, and Hal, brave Hal, had supported and cared for them all.

And when he came to say "good night," would he miss her?

Would it worry him if he could not say—"God bless you, Gabrielle," the dear invalid father, whom they loved and petted as they would a child; and the tears filled her eyes, and she turned to George to ask him to take her home, when the door opened and the minister entered, quickly dispelling all gloom; and as George took her hand gently in his own, saying softly, "My wife," she answered him with a bright, hopeful smile.

"Who was that fellow, Joe? I should have taken him for a born parson."

"Easy, George, easy. The chap is all right. You want me to get the gal's brother here now, I suppose?"

"Yes; you will probably find him at the farmhouse. Tell him any story you please. But I hear Gay coming. Success attend you."

"Yes, success will attend me, but in a different way from what you think," Joe muttered, as he glanced darkly at the house.

He left the city by the early morning train, and soon arrived at the farmhouse.

Harold was just leaving the house as he entered the gate, and the old sailor noticed an eager, questioning look, that convinced him that he had come at the right time.

"Mr. Harold Cummings, I reckon," he said, bowing awkwardly.

"That is my name. Have you business with me?" Harold answered, in a slightly impatient manner.

"Aye, aye. But don't be in a hurry, for I shipped from London, and hauled up here in the greatest hurry that ever was. 'Twas your sister—"

"My sister—my little Gay? Do you know where she is?"

"That I do; and if you'll come with me, I will take you there."

"In one moment. I must speak to Lizzie first."

He entered the house, and when he again appeared, Joe noticed that his eyes were wet with tears.

They left in the next train for London, and Joe led the way to the hotel.

As they entered his room, Raymond sprang up and extended his hand, saying—

"Ah, Cummings, my dear fellow, congratulate me as your brother-in-law."

"Where is my sister?" Harold asked, sternly, as he spurned the offered hand.

"So, so, my fine fellow, you refuse to receive me as your brother. Very well, we may as well proceed to business at once. I see that Joe has gone."

"You did not know that he was an accomplice of mine. Well, he is, and a fine fellow, too."

"But to proceed to business. You have in your possession a valuable diamond, which was left you by our uncle, David Cummings, and which Gay tells me you have placed in the bank. Now I want you to make me a wedding present of it."

And Raymond slowly folded his arms, and stared complacently at Harold's pale, determined countenance.

"You are a heartless villain and a coward. Once more I ask you where my sister is, and unless you lead me to her within five minutes, I will send you into eternity."

And Harold drew a pistol from his pocket, and pointed it threateningly towards him.

Raymond moved uneasily in his chair.

"Since you wish it," he said, with a bitter laugh, "come, I can talk as well in her presence," and he led the way to Gay's room.

"George—Harold! What does this mean? You do not intend to shoot him, Hal? Put down the pistol."

And pale and frightened, Gay attempted to take it from him.

"Do you love him, Gay?" Harold asked, bitterly.

"Yes. He is my husband."

"Then I have nothing further to say," he answered, angrily, turning to leave.

"But I have," shouted Raymond, with his back to the door, and a loaded revolver, which he had taken from the table, in his hand. "I wish to tell you, Harold Cummings, that this is no boy's play."

"Gay Cummings is not my wife, and never will be; but I knew that I could reach you only through her, and knowing that she would not come with me unless I married her, I hired Joe to play the minister, so you see it was only a mock marriage, and neither of you shall leave this room until I have a written order for the diamond signed by you, sir."

With a quick motion, Harold raised his pistol and fired; but Gay caught his arm, and the shot whistled harmlessly through the window.

"Not so fast, my hearty," exclaimed Joe as he entered. "The girl is legally married, for I hired a regular parson."

"Why did you play me false?" asked Raymond, for he knew that Joe spoke the truth.

"Because I hated you. Two years ago a party entered a house where a sailor boy was staying. They treated him to liquor, and enticed him to play, and won his hard-earned money. Then they would have left, but he stood in the way, demanding the money they had taken from him, and you kicked him as you would a dog."

"That sailor lad was my brother. One year ago he died from the effects of those blows, and I swore then to revenge him. But I am not through with you yet," he added, as Raymond started angrily towards him. "All ready," he called, loudly.

Startled, Raymond sprang towards the door, with a vague intention of warding off further evil; but ere he reached it, a policeman entered, with the words, "George Raymond, I arrest you for forgery."

He attempted to place the handcuffs on his prisoner.

With one wild, despairing cry of, "God help me!" the wretched man placed his revolver on his forehead, and fell in a dead faint at their feet.

Gay uttered a shriek, and fell fainting into the arms of her brother.

"I have had my revenge," the old sailor said. "Leave him with me; I will do all that is necessary."

He kept his word, and cared for him as tenderly as if he had been his brother instead of a bitter enemy.

Gay returned home with her brother, and was over after a more sensible girl.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

INDIGESTION AND ITS CURE.—The latest invention in dolls is a waxen lady, who when wound up and given a high chair at the table reaches out her arms, seizes a bit of bread, and slowly puts it in her mouth. When she has done this a certain number of times it is necessary to open her chest, remove the food, and wind her up again.

POWER OF A SCRATCH.—In a recent lecture on "Liquids," at the Royal Institution, Professor Tyndall mentioned that he had learned from Captain Shaw, the head of the London Fire Department, that a scratch in the nozzle of a fire-engine delivery-pipe, which an ordinary workman might overlook, will reduce its throwing power from 200 ft. down to 150 ft.

A PACK OF CARDS.—Count the number of cards in a pack, and there are fifty-two, the number of weeks in a year; there are also four suits, the number of weeks in a month. There are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year; and counting the "tricks" at whist there are thirteen the number of weeks in a quarter.

IF we are not mistaken, there exists at this moment a quite definite impression that brown men are abler than fair men, an expression for which the only visible foundation is this, that brown men in England have usually some touch of Southern or Celtic or Jewish blood, and are apt, therefore, to be a little more vivacious. Quite half the men at the head of affairs in England are very fair men, and one, certainly not inferior in mere intellectual force to any of them, has always had white hair.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.—The force of the temptation which urges us in scientific research to seek for such evidence and appearances as are in favor of our desires, and to disregard those which oppose them, is wonderfully great. In this respect we are all, more or less, active promoters of evil. That point of education which consists in teaching the mind to resist its desires and inclinations until they are proved to be right, is the most important of all, not only in things of natural philosophy, but in every department of daily life.

DOG AND DUCKLINGS.—The *American Sportsman* furnishes a very strange instance of the curious fancies of animals. A terrier, having lost her own litter, took charge of a brood of ducklings. She was, however, greatly alarmed when they went into the water, and when they came to land she took them up, one by one, in her mouth, and carefully deposited them in her kennel. The next year she adopted a couple of cock chickens, but as they began to approach maturity they endeavored to crow, a circumstance which appeared to give their foster-mother considerable uneasiness, and which she, on all occasions, by some manner of discipline, endeavored to suppress.

BIG TREES.—Mr. Walter Hill, the Government botanist in Australia, reports to the Queensland authorities that, while cutting a given line on the banks of the River Johnstone, for the purpose of examining the land, an enormous fig-tree stood in the way, far exceeding in sturdiness and grandeur the renowned forest giants of California and Victoria. Three feet from the ground it measured 150 feet in circumference; at 55 feet, where it sent forth giant branches, the stem was nearly 80 feet in circumference. The largest tree in Brookline, New Hampshire, U. S., has just been cut and sawed. It was a pine, 139 years old. The first log, 13 feet long, made 800 feet of larch boards, the whole tree 3,317 feet.

TABLE MAXIMS.—A butler has published a work full of table and culinary maxims. Judge of a few of the elegant extracts: "He who has a bull-dog humor on sitting down to dinner will rise from table as an angel. Give old guests food easy of digestion, and young ones plenty of truffles. Ladies remain charming without exception from the soup to the dessert. A man's wine-cellars should be his love. Claret is the wine of the heart, generates noble thoughts, and religious belief. Burgundy is the wine of strong passions and the realities of life. Champagne is productive of absurdities, destroys convictions, and uproots principles. The carbonic acid it contains produces winds from all the cardinal points of the brain, causing thereby inconsistency of judgment."

hold taking their meals together was abrogated. Domestic followers and retainers came to be looked upon as servants, and were treated as strangers to the family. They were limited to certain hours for their meals, and these hours were not allowed to interfere with those of their masters. Hence, it became necessary to prepare two sets of meals in every household where there were servants—one for the latter and one for the family. This lies at the root of the modern late hours.

FRENCH RABBIT.—An old cook, a Frenchman, who says that he recently tasted Welsh rabbit for the first time in Philadelphia, gives the following receipt for making French rabbit, which he thinks will be found a great deal better than the Welsh: Take three ounces of cheese, cut it in small square pieces, and set it to fry with a little butter. When your cheese begins to melt have three eggs beaten up with salt and pepper. Pour them upon your cheese. Stir and roll it into a sort of muff, and take it off. The whole operation should not take more than one or two minutes.

THE "LONG MAN" OF WILMINGTON.—The figure of a man, 230 feet long, traced on the side of Wilmington-hill, which attracts so much attention on the South Coast line of railway leading to Hastings, has now had its outline completely restored. The figure is of great antiquity, but its date, origin, or purpose cannot be traced. Hitherto the outline has been marked by simply cutting the turf away and exposing the chalk beneath, but it is now shown by the insertion of white bricks in the space, thus preventing the lines from becoming obliterated. The "Long Man," as it is locally termed, is represented as holding a staff in each hand, the distance between them being 119 feet. The Duke of Devonshire, on whose ground the figure is delineated, has greatly assisted the work just completed.

WISELY SAID.—In domestic rule, said an observer of human nature, esteem is more potent than indulgence or even forbearance. When boys or girls go wrong, a very frequent cause is that they are not esteemed at home, or fancy they are not. This esteem must be genuine; it cannot be pretended or counterfeited. Hence in a governing person there are few qualities so valuable as readiness to appreciate merits, or ingenuity in discovering them, especially the latter. In every large family or small circle of friends there is generally some very difficult person to understand. This person is often exceedingly troublesome, and to use a common expression, very "trying." His or her merits (for he or she is sure to have some) have not been found out. Find them out and appreciate them; a great deal of the trouble of dealing with that person will be removed. The value of imagination in domestic government is very great. If we could have statistics on the subject, we should find, I think, that the children of unimaginative people are particularly prone to go wrong.

A CAUTION.—Brothers are privileged characters, and if they choose to take the trouble to interest themselves in the habits and ideas of their sisters they inevitably teach them a great deal which it is good for every girl to know. Sisters who have brothers older than they are, as a general rule, very circumspect in their deportment. In hours of pleasant confidence they have heard the frailties of their young lady friends discussed in a manner which puts them upon their guard. Husbands tell their wives almost everything; brothers confide a great deal in their sisters, and between the two some of us get to be very wise. A kiss or caress permitted as a sacred thing on the part of some innocent young miss is quietly discussed in these confidential chats in a manner that might surprise her considerably, and convince her that mamma was right after all. This is a delicate subject, but it is one of great importance, and we commend all young ladies to submit gracefully to the guardianship of fathers and elder brothers until a nearer than either claims the right to protect them. So far from considering occasional words of admonition and careful watchfulness tyrannical, or a vexatious restraint, let them be grateful for the wise discipline which preserves them pure in heart and "above suspicion."

DON'T QUARREL.—People talk of lovers' quarrels as rather pleasant episodes. Probably because they are not quarrels at all. She pouts; he kisses. He frowns; she coaxes. It is half play, and they know it. Matrimonial quarrels are another thing. I doubt seriously if married people ever truly forgive each other after the first falling out. They gloss it over; they kiss and make it up; the wound apparently heals, but only as some of those horrible wounds given in battle do, to break out again at some unexpected moment. The man who has sneered and said cruel things to a sensitive woman never has her whole heart again. The woman who has uttered bitter reproaches to a man can never be taken to his bosom with the same tenderness as before those words were spoken, the two people who must never quarrel are husband and wife. One may fall but with kitmen, and make up, and be friends again. The tie of blood is a strong one, and affections may return after it has flown away; but love once banished is a dead and buried thing. The heart may ache, but it is with hopelessness. It may be impossible to love any one else, but it is more impossible to restore the old idol to its empty niche. For a word or two, for a sharpening of the wits, for a moment's self assertion, two people have often been made miserable for life. For whatever there may be before, there are no lovers' quarrels after marriage.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

FLANNEL.—Scald flannel before you make it up, as it shrinks in the first washing. Much of the shrinking arises from there being too much soap, and the water being too cool. Never use soda for flannels.

CLEANING PAINT.—To clean paint, smear it over with whiting, mixed to the consistency of common paste in warm water. Rub the surface to be cleaned briskly, and wash off with pure cold water. Grease spots will in this way be almost instantly removed, as well as other marks, and the paint will retain its brilliancy and beauty unimpaired.

SHANK-BONE JELLY FOR INFANTS.—Boil quickly four shanks of mutton in a quart of water for half an hour, then throw the water away, and boil the shanks again very slowly in a quart of water for six or eight hours till it is reduced to half a pint. It will then be a stiff jelly. When wanted, put a piece the size of a walnut into the food of the infant.

THE "WHITE STAR" LINE OF MAIL-STEAMERS.—lays claim to two of the fastest passages on record between Queenstown and Sandy Hook and Sandy Hook and Queenstown respectively. The *Adriatic* sailed in May, 1872, and accomplished the voyage in 7 days, 23 hours, 17 min.; the *Baltic* sailed in January 1873, and accomplished the voyage in 7 days, 20 hours, 9 min.

USEFUL PERFUME.—A very pleasant perfume, and also a preventive against moths, may be made of the following ingredients:—Take of cloves, caraway seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, and Tonquin beans, of each one ounce; then add as much Florentine orrisroot as will equal the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole well to powder, and then put it in little bags among clothes, &c.

SCORCHED LINEN.—To restore scorched linen, take two onions, peel and slice them, and extract the juice by squeezing or pounding. Then cut up half an ounce of white soap, and two ounces of fuller's earth; mix with them the onion juice, and half a pint of vinegar. Boil this composition well, and spread it, when cool, over the scorched part of the linen, leaving it to dry thereon. Afterwards wash out the linen.

NOTHING can convey a more impressive idea of the powers of water as a general agent than the wonderful canons of Mexico, Texas, and the Rocky Mountains, where the torrent may be seen rushing along, through the incision it has cut for itself in the hard rock, at a depth of several thousand feet, between perpendicular walls. The greatest of these canons, that of Colorado, is 293 miles in length, and its sides rise perpendicularly to a height of 5,000ft. or 6,000ft.

In the city of New York there is a daily delivery of nearly 200,000 letters and papers. The work is said to be severe on the health of those employed, owing to the constant walking up and down stairs. In some districts, in the lower part of the city, the carriers travel more miles under the roofs than they do on the highways. The *New York Times* states that in summer the letter-carriers often make the tour of an entire block on the roofs, visiting a house by way of the "scuttle." Up one house full of offices and down the next would greatly shorten a postman's beat.

SEEING without eyes seems not to be impossible, although our optics are usually considered essential to sight. At a recent meeting of a medical society in Pennsylvania the case was reported of a little girl, nine years old, in good general health, but having a falling of the upper eyelids, so as to completely close both eyes. Yet she was able to see well with the eyes closed and heavily bandaged, so that apparently the light was wholly excluded. The case has elicited much interest, and would scarcely be credited, except for the high standing of the medical gentlemen making the report.

WASTE scraps of leather, horn, feathers, sponges, and wool, having been partially dissolved in caustic soda, and then mixed with slake lime and distilled in iron retorts, give off a plentiful quantity of ammonia. M. L. I. Hote proposes to pass the ammonia gas into receivers containing chamber acid, and thus form an impure ammonic sulphate. By raising the heat at the close of the operation to a red heat, nothing will be left in the retort but soda carbonate and quicklime. The addition of water converts these into caustic soda and calcic carbonate.

GOING TO BED.—We should never go to bed with a hope for rest, sleep, and perfect repose until "all is ready." The preliminaries for retirement are all just as important as are those for the day's duties. We must not go to bed with an overloaded stomach, in an anxious or troubled state of mind, with cold extremities, or without anticipating and responding to the call of nature in all respects. Standing before a fire is not the best way to get warm for a night's sleep. We should take such vigorous exercise as will give quick circulation to the blood, and not depend on artificial, but on natural heat. Attention to all these things should be followed by such devotional exercises as will bring all the feelings, emotion and sentiments into accord with the Divine will, subduing passion, removing hatred, malice, jealousy, revenge, and opening the portals of heaven to all who seek rest, peace, and sweet repose.

REMOVING SNOW FROM ROADWAYS.—A rather roundabout method of accomplishing this is patented by a Mr. Hart, who proposes a small locomotive engine, which is surrounded at the sides by a casing, with inclined endless belts with buckets, which take up the snow from rotating brushes or wings and convey it

over connecting chutes to a separate tank, where the snow is melted by steam connecting pipes and the direct application of heat. The different parts which come in contact with the snow are heated by steam from the boiler, to prevent the clogging of the machine and insure a rapid delivery of the snow to the tank. We hardly expect Mr. Hart's plan to supersede the regular snow-plow on long lines, or to successfully compete with the system of laying down steam pipes, on short ones.

We live in an age of inventions, and in spite of what has been accomplished in past periods, it seems we have not reached the ultimatum of man's powers; intellect is not, therefore, decaying. A new engine has been constructed, the novelty being that it emits no smoke nor steam and makes little noise. The engine used steam at 500lbs. to the square inch, and maintained this pressure by natural draught without any difficulty; in fact, it worked half the time with the draught doors closed. The engine is compound, and expands the steam to the most economical limits, and then condenses it by means of two air surface condensers placed on either side of the machine. The boiler was inspected by the Belgian Government engineers, and proved by them of 2,800lbs. water pressure per square inch, and pronounced a perfect piece of work. The engine can be driven from either end, all the driving gear being duplicate to obviate the necessity of turn-tables. The engine accomplished a speed of fifteen miles per hour, drawing its full load up gradients varying from one in 200 to one in 80, and was pronounced by all to be a machine likely to work a complete revolution in the use of steam. The system has been applied to stationary and marine engines, and the Yorkshire Engine company having the sole use of the patents, will, no doubt, soon do a large business in these machines. It is constructed by the Yorkshire Engine Co. on Perkin's system.

M. MICHEL has just described to the Academy of Sciences an apparatus of his invention for recording automatically the vicinity of an iceberg. The recent loss of the "Europe," said to have encountered a block of ice, led this gentleman to consider whether there might not be some reliable way of avoiding such contingencies, which are well known to be most frequent in the present season, when detached icebergs come down in shoals from the North Pole, and are a real danger to ships plying between Europe and North America. In the daytime those huge masses are seen from enormous distances when there is no fog, and when the sun shines upon them; they are then easily avoided. But in the vicinity of Newfoundland, where fogs are so intense as to require constant ringing of the bell and even firing of guns to avoid collisions in a sea literally swarming with ships, other means must be employed to ascertain the vicinity of an iceberg. This is always accompanied by a great fall in the temperature of the water within a very extensive radius, and it is on this circumstance M. Michel founds his plan, which consists in having a bi-metallic helicoid thermometer fixed to the side of the ships. When the temperature of the sea falls below a certain limit, the needle that marks the degrees is stopped by striking against a small metallic screw, whereby an electric current is instantly formed, causing a bell to ring, which will at once warn the officer on duty.

HOW TO SHARPEN A SCREWDRIVER.—The screwdriver is found not only in the tool-chest of every mechanic, but in most houses, and in not a few offices. It ranks with the hammer, the saw and the axe, in general utility, and yet very few persons know anything about how it should be sharpened so as to do its work most efficiently; that is, with the least expenditure of power, and the least injury to the heads of the screws.

In driving a screw into wood, the force used to press the screwdriver against the head of the screw tends to aid the latter in penetrating the wood, but when we attempt to extract a screw, every pound of pressure that we apply tends to render it more difficult to get the screw out. It therefore becomes very important that the screwdriver should be so formed that it may be kept in the nick of the screw by the exertion of the very least degree of force; for if it has any tendency to slip out, we can keep it in place only by applying pressure, in which case we run great risk of injuring the nick and rendering it impossible to draw the screw.

If we examine a screwdriver in the condition in which it is ordinarily found, we shall find that it presents a section in which the sides of the wedge, in which all screwdrivers terminate, are curves with the convex sides outwards. Now, the effect of thus curving the sides of this wedge, is to render it greatly more obtuse. Moreover, when we turn the screwdriver, the tendency to slip out of the nick is just in proportion to the obtuseness or bluntness of the wedge, and therefore this form is the very worst that can be chosen. In the hands of most good workmen, therefore, we find that the screwdriver ends in a wedge of which the sides are perfectly straight. This is a very good form, but is not equal to a form in which the sides of the wedge are curves, but with the *concave* sides turned outwards. In this way we lessen the obtuseness of the wedge at the extreme point, and produce a turn-screw which may be kept in the nick by the least possible pressure endwise. To grind a screwdriver into this form, it is necessary to use a very small grindstone, and many of the artificial stones found in market answer admirably. Many mechanics would find it to their advantage to keep one of these small grindstones for the purpose, as it could be run in the lathe with very little trouble.

A FRENCH gentleman, having received direct from Martinique a small box of coffee, invited some friends to dinner, solely with the object of letting them taste the infusion of the famous berries. On the renowned coffee being served, every one was delighted with its delicacy and aroma. "Ah, my friends," cried the host, "what a fortunate country is Martinique! A soil which can produce a beverage like this must indeed be blessed!" At this moment the footman entered the room. "Excuse me, sir," said he to his master, "but cook wishes me to say that, as you forgot to let him have the coffee for this evening, he sent for half-a-pound to the grocer's." Tableau!

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

WHITE KID GLOVES.—Cream of tartar rubbed upon soiled white kid gloves cleanses them well.

GRASS IN WALKS.—Water the gravel walks with boiling water, as it effectually kills the grass.

KID BOOTS.—A mixture of oil and ink is a good thing to clean kid boots with; the first softens and the last blackens them.

DOUGHNUTS.—One egg, one cup of sugar, two cups sour milk, one spoonful of cream if the milk is not very rich, one teaspoonful of soda, little salt, nutmeg, flour enough to roll.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Four eggs, one quart of sweet milk, five large teaspoonsful of Indian meal, nutmeg and sugar to the taste. Boil the milk and scald the Indian meal in it, then let it cool before adding the eggs. Bake three-quarters of an hour. Eat with butter or sweet sauce.

MUTTON CHOPS FOR INVALIDS OR DELICATE CHILDREN.—Nicely trimmed mutton chops, put in a covered jar, with a little water, pepper and salt, and cooked in a slow oven for three hours, form excellent food for an invalid or a delicate child, as the meat is not so hard as in the ordinary way of cooking.

GINGER LEMONADE.—Boil twelve pounds and a half of lump sugar for twenty minutes in ten gallons of water; clear it with the whites of four eggs. Bruise half a pound of common ginger, boil with the liquor, and then pour it upon ten lemons pared. When quite cold, put it into a cask, with two tablespoonsfuls of yeast, the lemons sliced, and half an ounce of isinglass. Bung up the cask the next day; it will be ready in a fortnight, and will prove a most refreshing beverage.

QUEEN'S PUDDING.—Butter a basin or mould well, and stick it all over with raisins. Put layers of bread and butter, with 3 oz. of bitter and sweet almonds mixed, blanched and cut into shreds, 3 oz. of candied or orange-peel cut thin, the peel of a lemon grated, sugar to your taste, four well beaten eggs, and a pint of milk. Fill the basin with layers of bread and butter, with the almonds on the raisins; then mix the milk, eggs, and sugar, pour it in, cover the mould closely over, and boil it twenty minutes.

ICING FOR CAKE.—Whisk the whites of seven eggs until they stand alone, and are perfectly dry. Have ready sifted and pulverized one and a half pounds of the finest white sugar. Add one table-spoonful of this to the eggs at a time, beating continually until all is consumed. Add a tea-spoonful of any extract you fancy; rose, lemon, or vanilla is best. If properly beaten, the icing will hardly run at all, and will dry in a few hours in a warm place. Dissolve a very little gum-arabic or gum-tragacanth, and add to prevent the icing from peeling off the cake when cut, as it would otherwise do.

STEWED BEEF STEAKS.—Cut the steaks a little thicker than for broiling. Dissolve some butter in a stewpan, and brown the steaks on both sides, moving it often that it may not burn; then shake in a little flour, and when it is colored pour in gradually sufficient water to cover the meat well. As soon as it boils, season with salt, remove the scum, slice in onion, carrot, and turnip; add a bunch of sweet herbs, and stew the steak very softly for about two hours. A quarter of an hour before it is served, stir into the gravy two or three teaspoonsfuls of rice flour, mixed with cayenne, half a wine-glass of mushroom ketchup, and a little seasoning of spice.

TO STEW SMOKED BEEF.—The dressed beef, for this purpose, must be fresh and of the very best quality. Cut it (or rather shave it) into very thin small slices, with as little fat as possible. Put the beef into a skillet, and fill up with boiling water. Cover it, and let it soak or steep till the water is cold. Then drain off that water, and pour on some more; but merely enough to cover the chipped beef, which you may season with a little pepper. Set it over the fire, and (keeping on the cover) let it stew for a quarter of an hour. Then roll a few bits of butter in a little flour, and add it to the beef, with the yolk of one or two beaten eggs. Let it stew five minutes longer. Take it up on a hot dish, and send it to table.

WHEN Governor Marcy was Secretary of State at Washington, a person whose duty it was to receive callers on the Secretary and introduce them, in the discharge of his duties one day could not find the Secretary in his office. After looking in vain for him, he rushed frantically up to an individual who he supposed would be able to inform him, and, striking an attitude, exclaimed, "That Marcy I to others show, that Marcy show to me!" A happy application of a similar quotation was once made by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Some years ago, while passing up the Mersey to Liverpool, looking overboard, she observed the muddy character of the river, and remarked to a friend standing at her side, "The quality of Mersey is not strained."

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HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

A GOOD name for a female druggist.—Ipecac-Hannah.

"I SAW what I can't see," as the blind wood-sawyer said.

WHY are young ladies given to blushing?—Because it's a becoming red.

WHAT horn produces the most discordant music?—The drinking horn.

A PLUMP refusal.—The declination of an offer of marriage by a fat woman.

It has been ascertained that the man who "held on to the last" was a shoemaker.

"MONEY is very tight in these times," said a thief who was trying to break open a bank vault.

THERE is said to be no absolute cure for laziness, but a second wife has been known to hurry it a little.

A GRAVE DIGGER'S TOAST.—"Shuffle the cards as you will, gentlemen, but spades must win at last."

THE man who got in the habit of rising with the occasion found it did not agree with him—nor with others.

NEXT to the "little busy bee," the boot-blacker furnishes the brightest example of improving the "shining hour."

"AND so they go," said a member of a Boston school committee, "our great men are fast departing—first Greeley, then Chase, and now Sumner—and I don't feel very well myself."

A CURIOUS typographical error recently appeared in a daily paper. In giving an account of an inquest, it was stated, "The deceased bore an accidental character, and the jury returned a verdict of excellent death."

SIR lives in Douglas county, Oregon; has been married eight times, has eight living husbands, and resides with none of them. Her daughter, aged twenty-three, with energetic emulation, has disposed of three husbands.

A MAN who lately committed suicide left a memorandum for his wife, saying, "Good-bye, you old scolding, red-headed heathen." On reading it, the widow was heard to mutter, "I should just like to have got hold of him for one minute."

An old lady, on hearing that a young friend had lost his place on account of a misdemeanor, exclaimed—"Miss Demeanour. Lost his place on account of Miss Demeanour. Well, well, I'm afraid it's too true that there's alus a woman at the bottom of a man's difficulties."

A SAILOR, in describing a voyage to some landsmen, remarked that his ship stood on one tack all day and part of the night, whereupon one of his auditors declared—"I don't believe it. I had one tack in one of my new boots yesterday, and I couldn't stand on it five minutes."

A LADY distributing tracts to the occupants of the wards of an hospital, was excessively shocked to hear one poor fellow laugh at her. She stopped to reprove the wretched patient. "Why, ma'am," says he, "you have given me a tract on the sin of dancing, when I have both my legs off."

"WILY is the noun beer feminine in French?" asked a teacher of his young lady pupils. "Beer is not French; it is English," cried the girls in chorus. "Very well, then; why is bière, which is the French word for beer— that is, why is beer feminine?" "Because you men like it so well," said the girls, and the teacher did not pursue the subject further.

TEA versus WINE.—The lady who was driven out of her mind by the wine and tea dispute has since recovered a little, and now gives the relins to her fancy:

"Wine is a poison, and so is tea,
But in another shape;
What matter whether one be killed
By canister or grape?"

A BEAR attacked a Texan farmer's cabin one night, when the farmer got up into the loft, leaving his wife and children to take care of themselves. The wife seized the poker, and aimed a happy blow at Bruin. "Give it to him, Nancy!" cried the valiant husband. After Bruin was dead, he came down from the loft, and exclaimed, "Nancy, my dear, ain't we brave?"

ANECDOTE OF ARTEMUS WARD.—Mr. Howard Paul relates the following anecdote of the late American humorist:

A knot of men came out of the Savage Club one evening after one of the Saturday dinners, and at the door stood a good specimen of a weather-beaten, red-faced old London cabman, attired in one of those wonderful triple-caped overcoats that are fast disappearing from the metropolitan ranks. Artemus was struck with the old fellow's garb, and as he mounted his box, called out:

"Cabby, hi! Come down, I want you."

He did as requested.

"Cabby," continued Artemus, with a twinkle of the eye, "you are the very man I wish to see. I've been dining here with some literary and artistic swells, and they can't enlighten me, and I feel you can."

The old Jarvey looked inquiringly.

"Now, would you be good enough to tell me the difference between convergence, and divergence?"

The old man puckered up his lips, scratched his head, and with the broadest of grins, replied:

"Well, sir, you're a stranger to me, but I should say there's a good deal to be said on both sides."

"Good!" shouted Artemus. "That's what I call the 'retort cautious.' All right; now drive us."

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, June 6th, 1874.

* * * All communications relating to Chess must be addressed to "CHECKMATE," London, Ont.

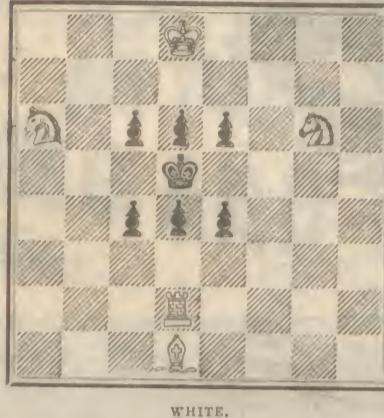
CONUNDRUMS.

No. 65.

By "CHECKMATE."

(A Caissan "Kite.")

BLACK.



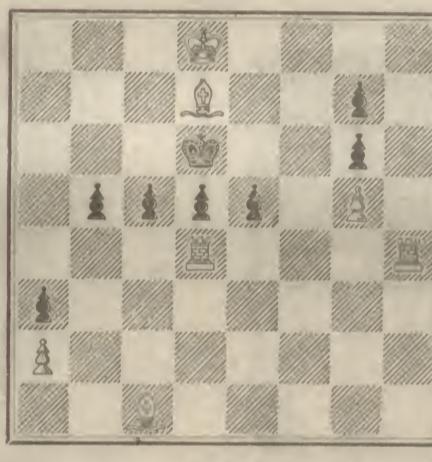
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

No. 66.

By Mr. E. N. FRANKENSTEIN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CONUNDRUMS CRIBBLED.

No. 57.

By R. BRAUNE.

White. Black.

1. B to R 8th 1. P to B 6th
If 1. P to Kt 5th, then 2 Kt to Q 3rd; and if 1. P to R 3rd or 4th, 2. Kt to B 8th.

2. Kt to B 5th 1. Any

3. Kt to K 3rd mate.

No. 58.

By VICTOR GORGIAS.

White. Black.

1. Kt takes K B P 1. Kt takes Kt, best
2. Q to K B 5th, ch 2. Anything.

CAISSAN CONTEST.

No. 30.

We give below the game won by London in the great match by telegraph between London and Vienna, accompanied by notes from the pen of Mr. Wisker, the Chess editor of *Land and Water*.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

White. Black.

London.	Vienna.
1 P to Q B 4th	1 P to K 4th, (a)
2 Kt to Q B 3rd, (b)	2 B to Q 5th
3 Kt to Q 5th	3 B to K 2nd, (c)
4 P to Q 4th	4 P takes P
5 B to K B 4th	5 P to Q B 3rd, (d)
6 Kt takes B	6 Kt takes Kt
7 Q takes P	7 Castles
8 P to Q 4th	8 P to Q 4th
9 Castles, (e)	9 B to K 3rd, (f)
10 Kt to B 3rd	10 Kt to Q 2nd
11 Kt to Kt 5th	11 P to K B 3rd, (g)
12 K P takes P	12 B to K B 4th, (h)
13 Kt to K 4th	13 P takes Q P
14 Kt to B 3rd, (i)	14 Kt to Q 3rd
15 B to K 5th, (k)	15 Kt to Q B 3rd, (l)
16 Q to B 4th	16 Kt takes B
17 Q takes Kt	17 Q ch
18 P to B 4th	18 Q to Kt 3rd
19 P to B 5th	19 Kt to Q 2nd
20 Q to Q 4th, (m)	20 K R to Q sq, (n)
21 Kt takes P	21 K to B sq, (o)
22 Kt to K 3rd	22 K to Kt sq
23 B to B 4th	23 Q R to B sq
24 K R to K sq, (p)	24 B to K 5th, (q)
25 P to Q Kt 4th, (r)	25 P to Q Kt 3rd
26 Q to Q 6th	26 P takes P, (s)
27 Q to K 7th	27 P takes P
28 R takes Kt	28 R to K sq
29 Q to Q 6th	29 Q takes Q, (t)
30 R takes Q	30 B takes P
31 R to Q 4th	31 B to Q 4th, (u)
32 R takes B	32 R takes B, ch
33 Kt takes R	33 R takes R, ch
34 K to Kt 2nd	34 R to K 5th
35 R ch	35 K to R 2nd
36 K to Kt 3rd	36 R takes P
37 R to Q R 8th	37 P to Kt 4th

38 R takes R P	38 P to R 4th
39 K takes P	39 P to Kt 5th, (v)
40 P to Q R 4th	40 R to K B 7th
41 P to Q R 5th	41 P to K R 5th
42 R to Q 7th	42 R takes P
43 R takes P ch	43 K to Kt 3rd
44 P to R 6th	44 R to K 7th, (w)
45 P to R 7th	45 R to K sq
46 R to Q Kt 7th	46 R to Q R sq
47 Kt to Kt 6th	47 P to R 6th, (x)
48 Kt takes R	48 P to R 7th
49 R to Kt 6th, ch	49 R to Vienna Resigned, (y)

NOTES.

(a) By no means the best reply. A close opening should be met by a close defence. It is noteworthy that in the consultation game between English and foreign players, contested at Vienna last year, P to K B 4th was the reply to P to Q B 4th selected by the Continental party. The best answer we consider to be 1 P to K 3rd—a move which holds good for all forms of the close game.

(b) A hasty rejoinder, in fact a mistake. Vienna places their opponents in a position of embarrassment on the next move. In reply to 2 B to Q Kt 5th, London cannot proceed with the development of their game, and allow the Q B P to be doubled. The answer to 3 Q to Q Kt 3rd is of course 3 Q Kt to B 3rd. The only course, therefore, was to post the Knight at Q 5th—a position altogether unnatural at such a stage.

(c) Black have now the better game. If their Bishop be taken they retake with Knight, and all their King's pieces are developed, while all those of London are at home. If the bishop be not taken the Knight is driven back, and White lose time.

(d) A poor move for such a contest. Of course, if White check at Q B 7 Black take off the Knight with Queen, and when their Queen is taken, check at Q Kt 5th with their Bishop, winning the adverse Queen, with a far better game in return. But White do not check with their Knight. The best course, therefore, for Black was to bring out their Kt, instead of laying a trap which only a "coffee-house" amateur would have fallen into. If

6 Kt takes Q B P, ch	5 Kt to K B 3rd
7 B takes Q	6 Q takes Kt, ch
8 Q to Q 2nd, ch	7 B to Kt 5th, ch
9 R takes Q	8 B takes Q, ch
	9 Q Kt to B 3rd

And Black surely have the superiority.

(e) White must castle at once to get out of danger. All their King's forces are at home. Black have castled. If White wait till they can castle on the King's side, they will never castle at all. From this point to the close, the game of chess is played to perfection by the London party.

(f) Black still appear to have the better game, but their advantage is more apparent than real. Owing chiefly to the unfortunate position of their Q B P, they can make no assault upon the position—seemingly exposed—of White.

(g) These moves finally end in the loss of a Pawn. Almost anything would have been better in such a game. At their tenth move Vienna would have done better to have protected themselves by P to K R 3rd.

(h) If the Knight be taken with Pawn, London, of course, takes off the Bishop.

(i) Protecting their King's flank, and at the same time assailing the White, Q P. About this point, it is fair to say, the London party was broken up. Mr. Blackburne left town for a time; Herr Horwitz fell seriously ill; Mr. Lowenthal and Mr. Wisker were prevented by pressure of business from assisting. The work, therefore, was left almost entirely to Messrs. Steinitz and Potter. It by no means follows that these unavoidable secessions did the London cause any harm. On the contrary, the withdrawal of four cooks probably accounts for the very superior broth produced by the remaining two.

(k) There is no comparison between the play on the two sides. This profound move turns the scale for London. We have not space for the variations at this point, but the general object of this move is to tempt the advance of P to K B 3rd. White then withdraws their Bishop to K Kt 3rd, and in subsequent variations they can capture the Q P with a check, thus gaining invaluable time.

(l) Vienna decides not to advance the K B P. The course actually chosen leads to no better result.

(m) White have the Q P at their mercy, but they judiciously retire the Queen at this point. The Q P cannot be saved, and it is better that it should be taken with the Knight.

(n) Badly played. The weakness of this move is shown in subsequent positions, where London would be happy to exchange their Queen for the two rooks.

(o) Black cannot allow the Knight to occupy K 7th. This and the next move show that they would be willing to draw. They have evidently overrated the chances of an attack.

(p) London have a won game. They are a pawn ahead; all their forces are developed, while the exposure of their King is a mere delusion.

(q) The Q B P cannot be taken, as White win by giving up their Queen for the two rooks.

(r) Not only defending the Q B P, but enabling them, if need be, to play B to Q Kt 5, and win a piece.

(s) Exchanging Queens would have given them an utterly hopeless game, with a Pawn behind, and their Knight so awkwardly placed. Vienna accordingly sacrifice the Knight.

(t) Obviously their only chance is to exchange Queens, and obtain a Pawn or two for the piece.

(u) This course leads to an exchange of pieces, and facilitates White's victory: but Black have a lost game. They can do nothing.

(v) The only remaining question is whether these united Pawns will counterbalance White's single Rook's Pawn, supported by the Knight. A few moves serve to show that they will not.

(w) If they take the Rook, the game proceeds:

45 P to R 7th	45 R to Q R 7th
46 Kt to Q R 3rd	

and the Pawn cannot be prevented from Queening.

(x) Whatever Black do they lose. If they take Pawn with Rook the White forces stop the two Pawns, and win. By leaving their Rook to be captured, Black are enabled to make a Queen, but White also makes a Queen, and their forces are overwhelming.

(y) There is no more of perpetual check.

CAISSAN CHIPS.

Don't fail to



ABOVE THAT SORT OF THING.

First Collier. "HERE COMES T' NEW GANGER, BILL. HAST THOO HEARD, HE DOESN'T DRINK, NUR DOG-FEIGHT, AN' GOES TO CHU'CH? LET'S SMASH 'IM!"
 Second Collier. "NA-AY, NA-AY, LAD, WE'VE GOTTN SHAMPAINE, AN' RIDES FUST-CLASS; LET'S BE GEN'LEMEN, NOT LOIKE THEM SCULEMESTERS I HEARD ON T'OTHER DAY AT RUGBY—RATTEN T' NEW GANGER!"



CRUEL DISAPPOINTMENT.

Street Boy. "FIVE UNDERD LIVES LOST!!! ERR'S A A'FNT! ULLOA! WHAT A SELL! ANG IT ALL! IT'S IN CALIFORNIA!"



THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.

Ethel. "AND, O MAMMA, DO YOU KNOW AS WE WERE COMING ALONG WE SAW A HORRID, HORRID WOMAN WITH A RED, STRIPED SHAWL, DRINK SOMETHING OUT OF A BOTTLE, AND THEN HAND IT TO SOME MEN. I'M SURE SHE WAS TIPSY."
 Beatrice (who always looks on the best side of things). "PERHAPS IT WAS ONLY CASTOR OIL, AFTER ALL!"



HYPERBOLE.

Second Sportsman. "ANY SNIPE ABOUT HERE, MY MAN?"
 Poi. "SNIPE, IS IT?" FAIR, THEY'RE GENERALLY JOSTLIN' ACH OTHER HERREROOTS!"



"BALANCE, MESSIEURS!"

Old Groom. "WHAT I ALWAYS SAYS ABOUT JUMPIN', MASTER FRED, IS THIS—THE GREAT THING IS TO KEEP 'THE BALLAST.'"
 Master Fred. "YES. AND THAT GENTLEMAN'S HORSE SEEMS TO PREFER SHIFTIN' HIS, JOE."



THE SIMPLICITY OF TRUTH.

"O, WHAT DO YOU THINK, MR. LILLYBROW? THE OTHER DAY I WAS TAKEN FOR TWENTY-FIVE, AND I AM ONLY EIGHTEEN!"
 "HAW! WONDER WHAT YOU'LL BE TAKEN FOR WHEN YOU'RE TWENTY-FIVE?"
 "FOR BETTER OR WORSE, I HOPE!"

[Mr. Lillybrow looks perturbed.]